

HYMNS
AND
SONGS

FRIENDS' GENERAL CONFERENCE

HYMN FOR THE NATIONS

Brother, shout your country's anthem,
Sing your land's undying fame,
Light the wondrous tale of nations
With your people's golden name;
Tell your father's noble story,
Raise on high your country's sign;
Join, then in the final glory -
Brother, lift your flag with mine!

Hail the sun of peace, now rising;
Hold the war clouds closer furled;
Blend your banners, O my brother,
In the rainbow of the world!
Red as blood and blue as heaven,
Wise as age and proud as youth,
Melt your colors, wonder woven,
In the great white light of truth!

Build the road of Peace before us,
Build it wide and deep and long;
Speed the slow and check the eager,
Help the weak and curb the strong.
None shall push aside another,
None shall let another fall;
March beside me, O my brother,
All for one and one for all.

Friends First-Day School

4th & West

OH HOLY NIGHT

Oh holy night when Christ was born of Mary
Calm o'er the world the stars their vigils keep
Sleep. gentle Jesus, in thy lowly manger
Naught can befall: Love's angels guard thy sleep.

Oh holy night when Christ was born of Mary
Heaven's gleaming stars look down to-night as then
Spirit of Love we pray that now the Christ child
May in our hearts be born and live again.

W. Ralph Gawthrop.



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Hymns and Songs

FOREWORD

The Friends' General Conference in 1923 instructed its Committee on First-day Schools to arrange for the printing of a small permanent collection of Hymns and Songs. The Conference of 1930 authorized the addition of several hymns to the new edition. This book includes the hymns previously issued with thirty-nine additional. The first edition met a generally favorable reception. It is impossible to issue a collection which will suit everybody. The fitness of the music, the sentiment expressed by the words, the freedom from burdensome copyright limitations are all factors in deciding upon the content of the book. The collection will not accord with any single person's judgment but we hope that Friends who sing will all find a reasonable amount of material suited to their purpose.

A special committee named by the Conference by the authority of its superior Conference Committee, takes the final responsibility for the issue. It asks all Friends to consider the difficulties to be met in the effort to meet varied needs and different tastes. It asks especially that hymns not now familiar shall be learned and used. In no other way can Quakerism learn to express itself vitally in song.

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PUBLISHED FOR

FRIENDS GENERAL CONFERENCE

By the Central Bureau of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting

1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia

1931

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Abide with me.....	16	How gentle God's commands.....	42
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All beautiful the march of days.....	150	I dimly guess from blessings known.....	86
All people that on earth do dwell.....	41	I heard the bells on Christmas day.....	30
All praise to Thee, my God.....	52	I would be true.....	138
All that's good and great and true.....	89	If any little word of mine.....	104
All things bright and beautiful.....	76	Immortal Love, forever full.....	57
Another year is dawning.....	110	In Christ there is no east or west.....	143
Awake, my soul, and with the sun.....	25	In heavenly love abiding.....	128
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Be silent, be silent.....	114	It swells upon the noon-day breeze.....	145
Behold us, Lord, a little space.....	101	Joy to the world! the Lord is come.....	117
Blest be the tie that binds.....	99	Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee.....	55
Breaks the joyful Easter dawn.....	122	Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling.....	1
Brothers of every clime.....	102	Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace.....	97
Calm on the listening ear of night.....	81	Light of the World, we hail Thee.....	129
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Come, Thou almighty King.....	3	Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.....	69
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Day is dying in the west.....	62	Love divine, all loves excelling.....	11
Daylight from the sky has faded.....	60	Make large our hearts.....	141
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Lead, Kindly Light

Lux Benigna

John B. Dykes, 1865

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me

on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me

on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. A - men.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman, 1833

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Bethany

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1856

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near er to Thee, E'en though it
be a cross That rais eth me, Still all my song would be— Near - er, my
God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee! A - men.

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given:

Angels to beckon me—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams, 1841

Come, Thou Almighty King

Italian Hymn

Felice de Giardini, 1769

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous.

Come, Thou Almighty King—Concluded

Come, and reign o ver us, An cient of days 4 · men.

2 Come, Thou all gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend,
Come, and Thy people bless,
Give Thy good word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Never from us depart,
Rule Thou in every heart
Hence, evermore:
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

Anon. c. 1757, alt.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy

Nicaea.

John B. Dykes, 1861

1. Ho - ly, ho ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might y! Ear - ly in the

morn ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be. A - men.

2 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of every man Thy glory yet may see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

3 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Reginald Heber, 1826, alt.

Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

St. Anne

Probably William Croft, 1708

1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our

shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home! A - men.

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

3 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;

4 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

Isaac Watts, 1719

Mysterious Presence, Source of All

Hursley

Vienna, c. 1774

1. Mys-terious Pres - ence, Source of all, The world with-out, the soul with-in,

Fountain of Life, O hear our call, And pour Thy liv-ing wa - ters in! A - men.

2 Thou breakest in the rushing wind,
Thy beauty shines in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt Thou from the willing mind
Withhold Thy light and love and power.

And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from Thine own altar-fire.

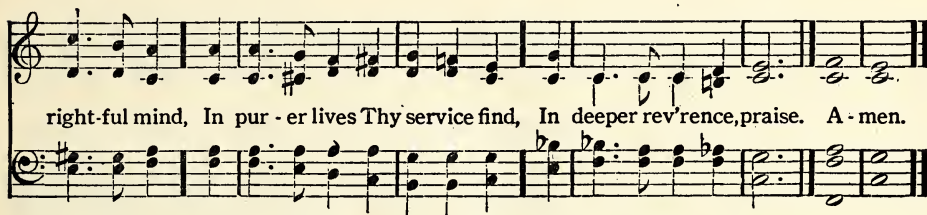
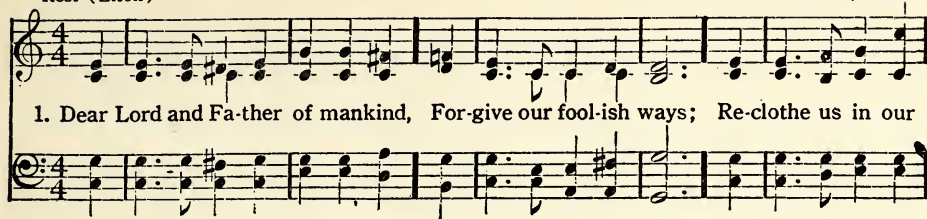
3 Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,

4 Thy touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And vocal in each waiting heart
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

Seth C. Beach, 1866

Rest (Elton)

Frederick C. Maker, 1887



2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

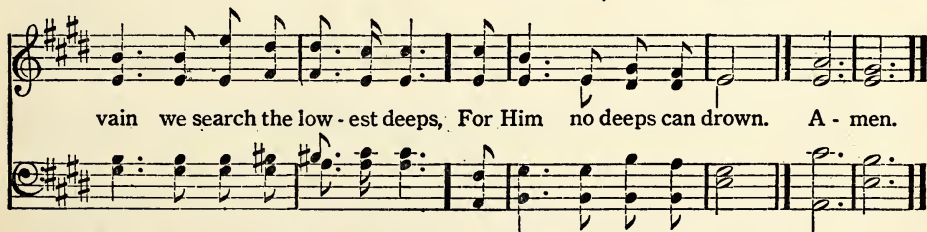
5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm.

John G. Whittier, 1872

We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps

Serenity

Arr. from William V. Wallace, 1856



2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;

We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Our Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

John G. Whittier, 1866

Unto the Calmly Gathered Thought

Federal Street

Henry K. Oliver, 1832

1. Un - to the calm - ly gath - er'd thought The in - ner - most of truth is taught,

The mystery, dimly un - der - stood, That love of God is love of good; A - men.

2 That to be saved is only this,
Salvation from our selfishness;
From sin itself, and not the pain
That warns us of its chafing chain;

4 That God is near us now as when
He spake in old-time faith and men;
That the dear Christ dwells not afar
The King of some remoter star,

3 That worship's deeper meaning lies
In mercy, and not sacrifice,
Not proud humilities of sense,
But love's unforced obedience;

5 But here amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Within our lives He lives to-day.

John G. Whittier, 1868

10

God is in His Holy Temple

Autumn

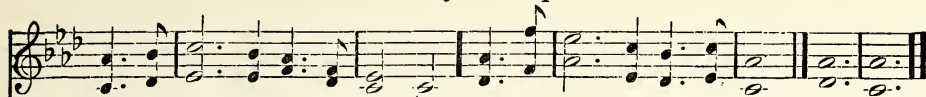
Genevan Psalter, 1551

1. God is in His ho - ly tem - ple: Thoughts of earth, be si - lent now,

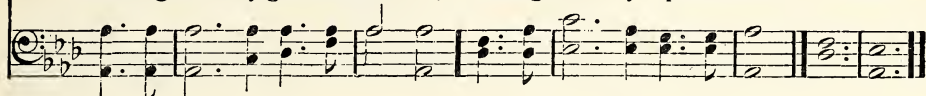
While with reverence we as - sem - ble And be - fore His pres - ence bow!

He is with us now and ev - er When we call up - on His name,

God is in His Holy Temple—Concluded



Aid - ing ev - 'ry good en-deav or, Guid-ing ev 'ry up-ward aim. A - men.



2 God is in His holy temple,
In the pure and holy mind;
In the reverent heart and simple;
In the soul from sense refined.

Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy Thee!
Anon (Hymns of the Spirit) 1864

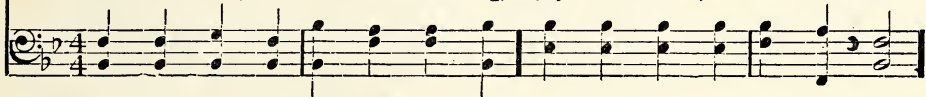
11 Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

Beecher

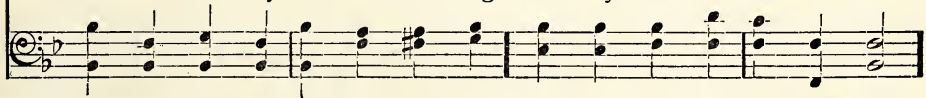
John Zundel, 1870



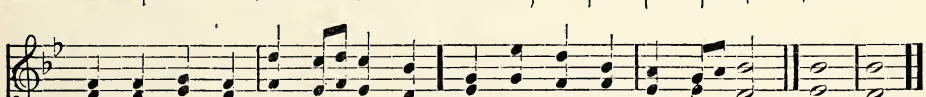
1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!



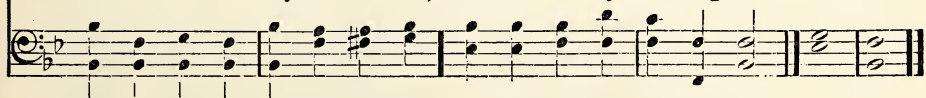
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing! All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.



Fa - ther, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart. A - men.



2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Charles Wesley, 1747, alt.

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

Dominus Regit Me

John B. Dykes, 1863

1: The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;
I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er. A - men.

2 Where streams of living water flow,
My rescued soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid
And home, rejoicing brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy hands and touch to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Henry W. Baker, 1863, alt.

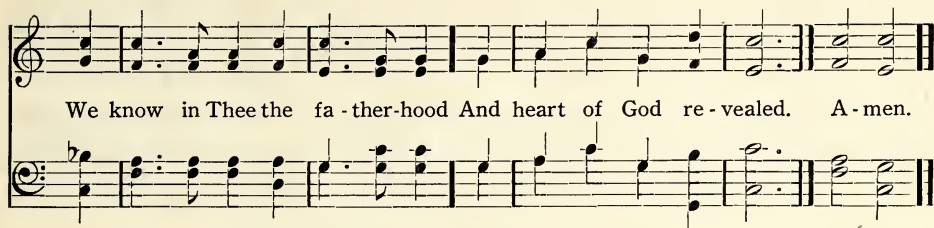
O, Love! O, Life! Our Faith and Sight

Materna

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

1. O, love! O, life! our faith and sight Thy pres - ence mak - eth one; . . .
As through trans - fig - ured clouds of white We trace the noon - day sun. . . .
So to our mor - tal eyes sub - dued, Flesh - veiled, but not con - cealed . .

O, Love! O, Life! Our Faith and Sight—Concluded



We know in Thee the fa - ther - hood And heart of God re - vealed. A - men.

2 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray,
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way;
And Thou art Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign;
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

3 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Guide,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual pride,
But simply following Thee.
Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

John G. Whittier, 1866, alt.

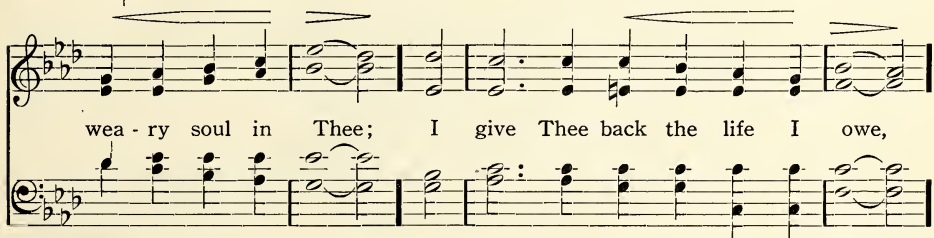
14 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

St. Margaret

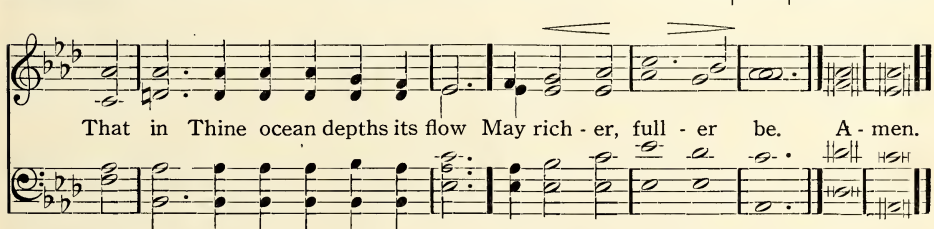
Albert L. Peace, 1885



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my



wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,



That in Thine ocean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be. A - men.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer, be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,

And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson, 1882

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe-

fold-ed I rest; He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when

wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd, Restores me when wand'ring redeems when op-press'd. A-men.

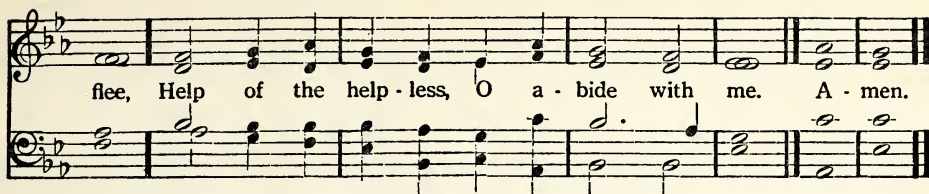
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessing unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery, 1822

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts

Abide With Me—Concluded



- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joy grows dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

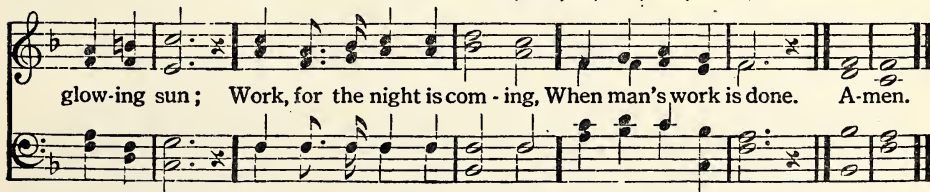
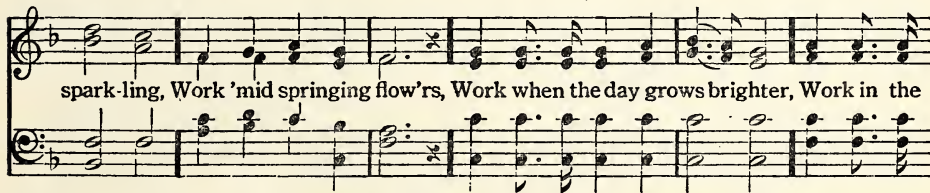
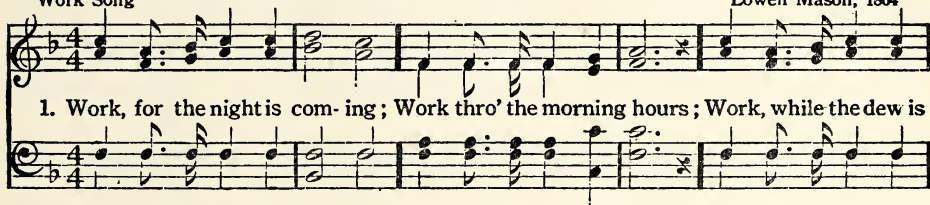
Henry F. Lyte, 1847

17

Work, for the Night is Coming

Work Song

Lowell Mason, 1864



- 2 Work for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is over.

Anna L. Coghill, 1861, alt.

Softly Now the Light of Day

Seymour

Arr. from Carl M. von Weber, 1826

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A - men.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye,
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

G. W. Doane, 1824

Father, Let Thy Blessing Touch Us

Merrial

Joseph Barnby, 1868

1. Fa - ther, let Thy bless - ing Touch us and re - main, Guid - ing all our

ac - tions Till we meet a - gain. A - men.

actions, Till we meet

2 Father, keep us loving,
Brave and true and free,
Kind to every creature,—
All belong to Thee.

3 Unto all Thy children,
Here and everywhere,
Father, give the comfort
Of Thy loving care.

Althea A. Ogden

Now the Day is Over

Tune—Merrial (See above)

1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky:

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Thro' the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

Sabine Baring Gould, 1865

1. On our way re - joic - ing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es,

O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be!

REFRAIN.

Is our sky be - cloud - ed? Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re - joic - ing,

As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es, O Thou God of love! A - men.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can;

Thou who giv'st the seedtime,
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.—REF.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

Forward Through the Ages

Tune—St. Gertrude (See above)

1 Forward through the ages,
In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits
At the call divine:
Gifts in differing measure,
Hearts of one accord,
Manifold the service,
One the sure reward.

REF.—Forward through the ages,
In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits
At the call divine.

2 Wider grows the kingdom,
Reign of love and light;

For it we must labor,
Till our faith is sight.
Prophets have proclaimed it,
Martyrs testified,
Poets sung its glory,
Heroes for it died.—REF.

3 Not alone we conquer,
Not alone we fall;
In each loss or triumph
Lose or triumph all.
Bound by God's far purpose
In one living whole,
Move we on together
To the shining goal!—REF.

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1908

Claudius

Refrain Johann A. P. Schulz, 1800

1. We plow the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But

it is fed and wa - tered. By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in

win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez-es and the sun-shine, And

REFRAIN.

soft, re-freshing rain. All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n a-bove;

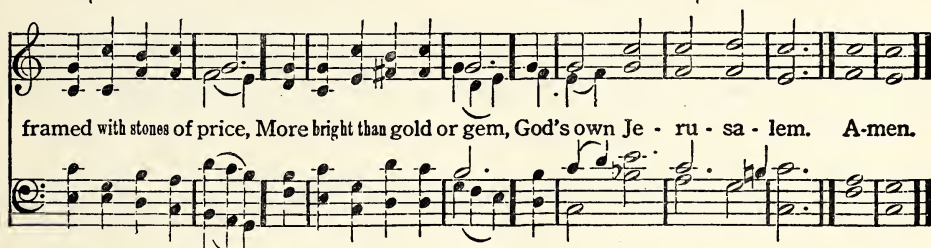
Then thank the Lord, O, thank the Lord For all . . . His love. A - men.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him;
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.—REF.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,—
Our humble, thankful hearts.—REF.



1. O thou not made with hands, Not throned above the skies, Not walled with shining walls, Not



framed with stones of price, More bright than gold or gem, God's own Je - ru - sa - lem. A-men.

2 Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above,
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love,
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art.

3 Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down,
Where self itself yields up,

Where martyrs win their crown,
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

4 Not throned above the skies,
Not golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His Name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem.

Francis T. Palgrave, 1867

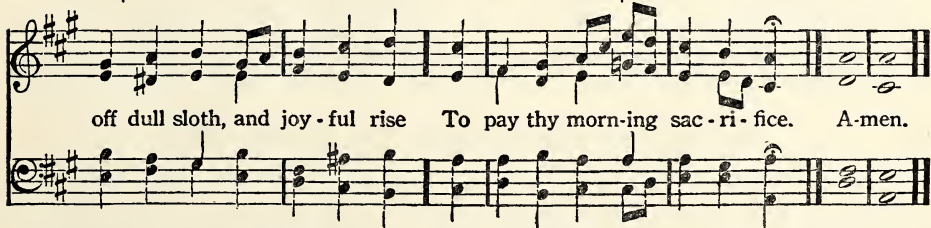
25 Awake, My Soul, and With the Sun

Morning Hymn

Francois H. Barthelemon, 1791



1. A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run; Shake



off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice. A-men.

2 By influence of the light Divine,
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;

Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken. Text of 1709

Praise to God and Thanksgiving

St. George's (Windsor)

George J. Elvey, 1858

1. Praise to God and thanks-giv - ing! Hearts, bowdown, and voi - ces, sing!

Prais - es to the Glo - rious One, All His year of won - der done!

Praise Him for His bud - ding green, A - pril's res - ur - rec - tion scene;

Praise Him for His shin - ing hours, Star - ring all the land with flow'rs! A - men.

2 Praise Him for His summer rain,
Feeding, day and night, the grain:
Praise Him for His tiny seed,
Holding all His world shall need!
Praise Him for His garden root,
Meadow grass and orchard fruit:
Praise for hills and valleys broad,
Each the Table of the Lord!

3 Praise Him now for snowy rest,
Falling soft on Nature's breast;
Praise for happy dreams of birth;
Brooding in the quiet earth!
For His year of wonder done,
Praise to the All-Glorious One!
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing
Praise and love and thanksgiving!

William C. Gannett, 1882

When Thy Heart, With Joy O'erflowing

Geneva (Bullinger)

Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1874

1. When thy heart, with joy o'er - flow - ing, Sings a thank - ful pray'r,

When Thy Heart, With Joy O'erflowing—Concluded

In thy joy, O let thy brother With thee share. A - men.

2 When the harvest-sheaves ingathered
Fill the barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

4 Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest.

3 If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

5 Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there,

Theodore C. Williams, 1891

28 O Little Town of Bethlehem

St. Louis

Lewis H. Redner, 1868

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and

dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev - er -

last-ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night! A-men.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

3 How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven,

No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,—
Be born in us to-day!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell,—
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Phillips Brooks, 1863

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Carol

Richard S. Willis, 1850

1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an - gels

bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold; "Peace on the earth, good-

will to men, From heaven's all-gracious King:" The world in sol - emn stillness lay

To hear the an - gels sing. A - men.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,

Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

5 For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1846

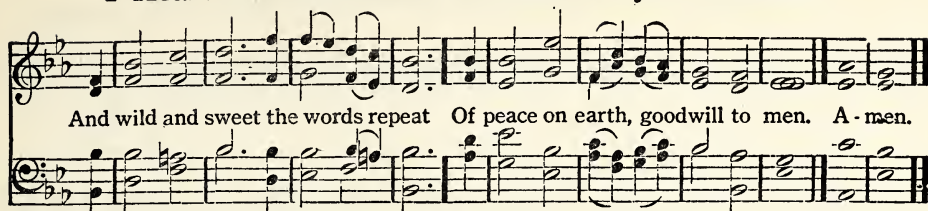
I Heard the Bells On Christmas Day

Truro

Psalmody Evangelica, 1789

1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play,

I Heard the Bells On Christmas Day—Concluded



And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, goodwill to men. A-men.

2 I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men,—

4 Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail,
With peace on earth, goodwill to men:"

3 And in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men."

5 Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

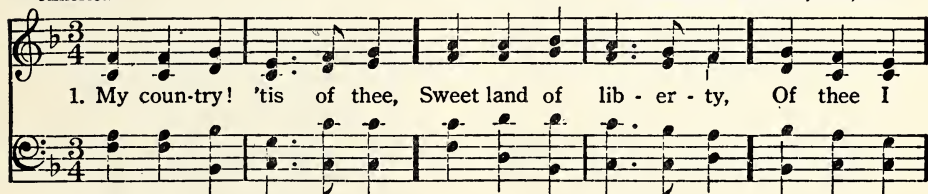
Henry W. Longfellow, 1864

31

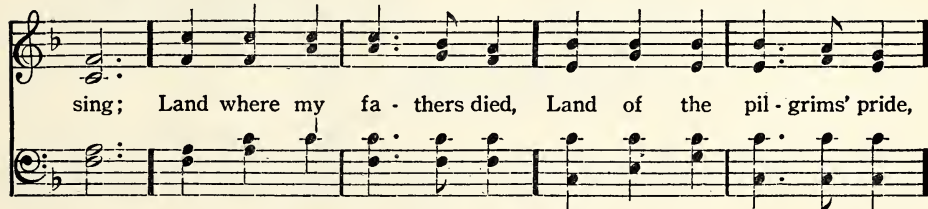
America

America

Thesaurus Musicus, 1740, 1745



1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I



sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride,



From ev - 'ry mount - ain - side Let free - dom ring! A - men.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,

Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel F. Smith, 1832

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine

Noyes

Ad. from Johann A. Freylinghausen

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;

Word of God and in - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight. A - men.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire,
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquility.

6 Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well, forever spring!"

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

Not Alone for Mighty Empire

Austria

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1797

1. Not a - lone for might - y em - pire, Stretch - ing far o'er land and sea,

Not a - lone for boun - teous har - vests Lift we up our hearts to Thee;

Not Alone for Mighty Empire—Concluded

Stand - ing in the liv - ing pres - ent, Mem - o - ry and hope be - tween,

Lord, we would with deep thanksgiving Praise Thee more for things unseen. A - men.

- 2 Not for battleships and fortress,
Not for conquests of the sword,
But for conquests of the spirit
Give we thanks to Thee, O Lord;
For the heritage of freedom,
For the home, the church, the school,
For the open door to manhood
In the land the people rule.
- 3 For the armies of the faithful
Lives that passed and left no name;
For the glory that illumines
Patriot souls of deathless fame;

For the people's prophet-leaders,
Loyal to Thy living word,—
For all heroes of the spirit,
Give we thanks to Thee, O Lord.

- 4 God of justice, save the people
From the war of race and creed,
From the strife of class and faction,—
Make our nation free indeed;
Keep her faith in simple manhood
Strong as when her life began,
Till it find its full fruition
In the Brotherhood of Man!

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William P. Merrill

34 O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

Maryton

H. Percy Smith, 1874

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly' paths of serv - ice free;

Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A - men.

- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
- 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,

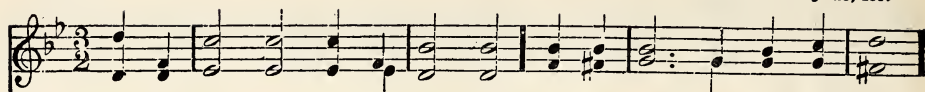
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

- 4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

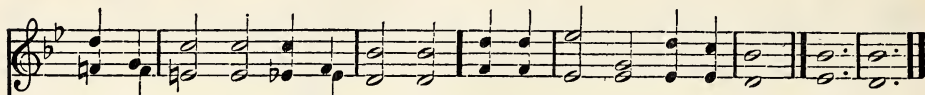
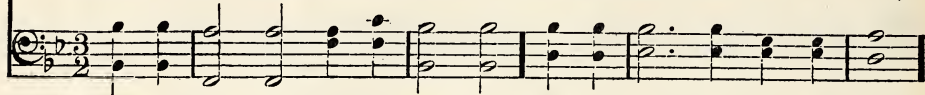
Washington Gladden, 1879

Galilee

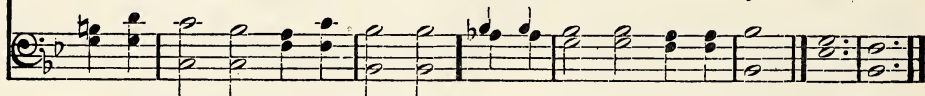
William H. Jude, 1887



1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;



There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty. A - men.



2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

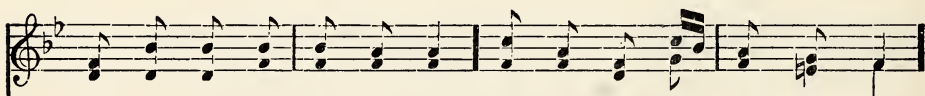
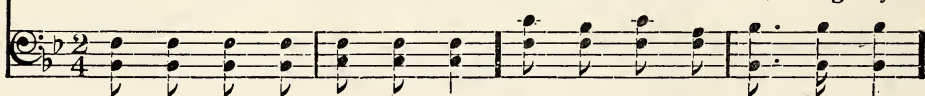
3 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber, 1862 Cento

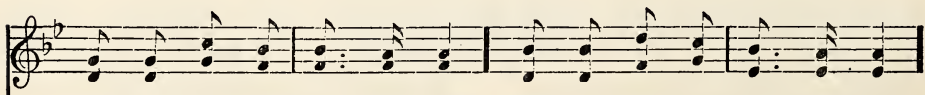
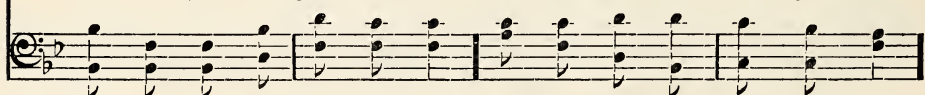
W. K. Bassford, c. 1886



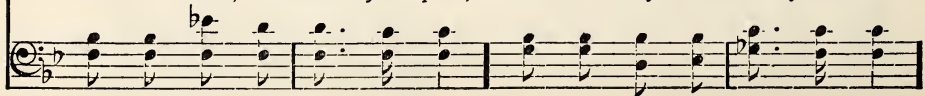
1. Can a lit - tle child like me Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly?



Yes, oh, yes! be good and true, Pa - tient, kind in all you do;

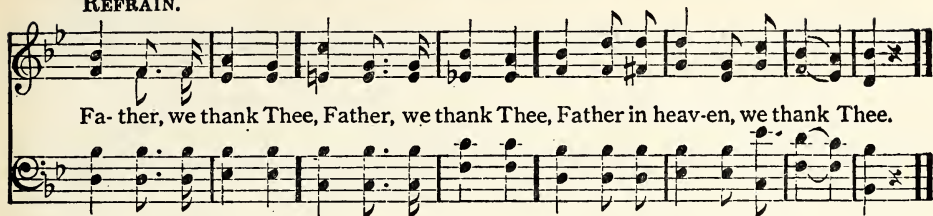


Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:—



Can a Little Child Like Me—Concluded

REFRAIN.



2 For the fruit upon the tree,
For the birds that sing of Thee,
For the earth in beauty drest,
Father, Mother, and the rest;
For Thy precious, loving care,
For Thy bounty everywhere.—REF.

3 For the sunshine warm and bright,
For the day and for the night;
For the lessons of our youth,

Honor, gratitude, and truth;
For the love that met us here,
For the home and for the cheer.—REF.

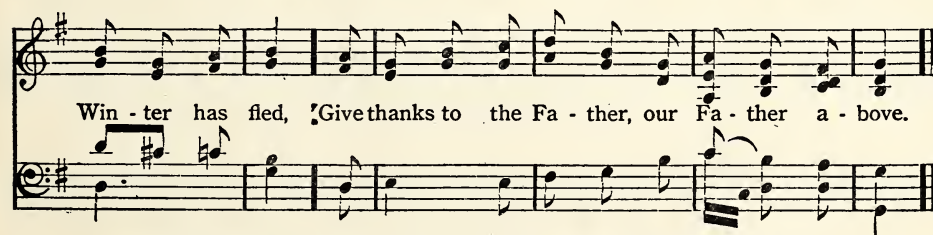
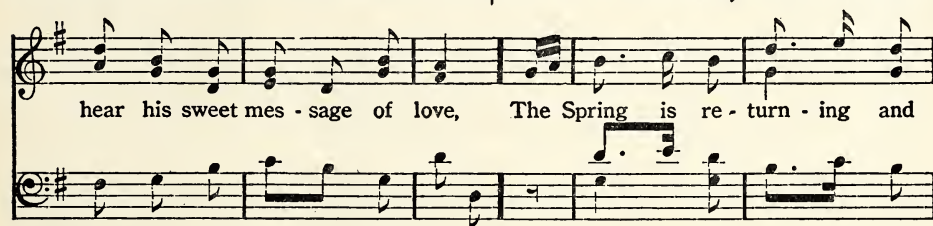
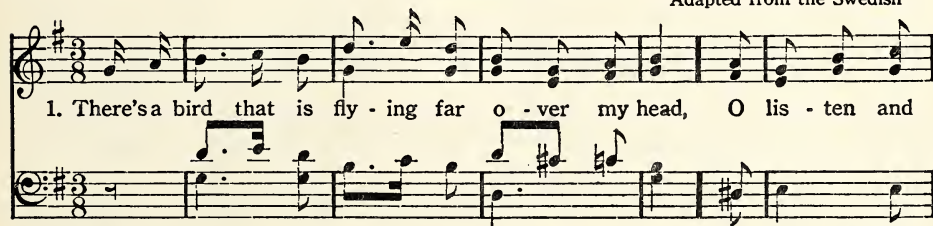
4 For our comrades and our plays,
And our happy holidays;
For the joyful work and true,
That a little child may do;
For our lives but just begun;
For the great gift of Thy Son.—REF.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge

37

Spring

Adapted from the Swedish



2 There's a flower that is blooming way down on the ground,
More frail and more tidy you scarcely would find,
It says as it sends its brave glances around
Give thanks to the Father, our Father so kind.

3 O children who listen, O children who hear,
Like birds and like flowers give thanks for the Spring,
'Tis God who directs ev'ry change in the year,
Give thanks to the Father, to Him we will sing.

M. R.

Onslow

D. Batchellor, 1880

1. Fa-ther, we thank Thee for the night, And for the pleasant morn - ing light;
For rest and food and lov - ing care, And all that makes the world so fair.

2 Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work or play,
To love Thee better day by day.

Rebecca J. Weston

From "Songs and Games for Little Ones," by arr. with Oliver Ditson Company.

D. Batchellor, c. 1878

1. God, make my life a lit - tle light, With - in the world to glow, A lit - tle

CHORUS. N
flame that burneth bright, Wherev - er I may go. O Father, help Thy children, Do

Thou our footsteps guide, We walk in peace and safe - ty, While keeping at Thy side.

2 God, make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.—CHO.

3 God, make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have,
May serve my neighbor best.—CHO.

4 God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.—CHO.

5 God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,—
Of faith that never waxeth dim
In all His wondrous ways.—CHO.

Mrs. Edwards

Lord of All Being, Throned Afar

Hursley

Alt. from "Katholisches Gesangbuch," Vienna, c. 1774

1. Lord of all be - ing, thron'd a - far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star;

Center and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A - men.

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,

Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

4 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee;
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848

All People that on Earth do Dwell

Old Hundredth

Genevan Psalter, 1551, alt.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice;

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice. A - men.

2 The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;

Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe, 1561

How Gentle God's Commands

Dennis

Arr. from Hans G. Nægeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands, How kind His pre - cepts are!

Come, cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust His con-stant care. A - men.

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

O Sometimes Gleams Upon My Sight

Beethoven

Arr. from Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

1. O sometimes gleams up - on my sight, Thro' present wrong th'e-ter-nal Right! And,

step by step, since time be - gan, I see the stead-y gain of man. A - men.

2 That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

3 Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;

4 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

John G. Whittier, 1851, 1st line alt.

My God, How Endless is Thy Love

Winchester New

Alt. from "Musikalisches Handbuch," Hamburg, 1690

1. My God, how end-less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry even-ing new;

And morning mer-cies from a-bove Gent-ly dis-till like ear-ly dew. A-men.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine

Solitude

Lewis T. Downes, 1851

1. Ho - ly Spir-it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;

Word of God and in - ward Light, Wake my spir-it, clear my sight. A - men.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire,
Perish self in thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

Take My Life, and Let It Be

Posen

Arr. from Georg C. Strattner, by J. A. Freylinghausen, 1705

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days; Let them flow in cease-less praise. A - men.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.

4 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

Day By Day the Manna Fell

Woodward's Litany

William W. Woodward, 1863

1. Day by day the man - na fell; O to learn this les - son well!

Still by con-stant mer - cy fed, Give me, Lord, my dai - ly bread. A - men.

2 "Day by day" the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned

4 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own, my Father's will.

Josiah Conder, 1836

St. Cuthbert

John B. Dykes, 1861

1. When shadows gather on our way, Fast deep'ning as the night,

Be Thou, O God, the spirit's stay, Our inward Light! A - men.

2 Amid the outward toil and strife,
The world's dull roar and din,
Still speak thy word of higher life,
Thou Voice within!

3 When burdens sore upon us press,
And vexing cares increase,

Spring thou, a fount of quietness,
Our hidden Peace!

4 Though fond hopes fail, and joy depart,
And friends should faithless prove,
O save us from the bitter heart,
Indwelling Love!

Frederick L. Hosmer

The Harp at Nature's Advent Strung.

Balerna

Arr. by Robert Simpson, 1833

1. The harp at Nature's advent strung Has never ceased to play;

The song the stars of morn'ing sung Has never died away. A - men.

2 And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star.

3 The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;

From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

4 So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

John G. Whittier, 1867

Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings

Amsterdam

"The Foundery Collection," 1742

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heaven, thy na - tive place!

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove! A - men.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:

So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

Robert Seagrave, 1742

Father, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise

Ellers

Edward J. Hopkins, 1869

1. Fa - ther, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -

Father, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise.—Concluded

cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship

cease, Then, low - ly bend - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
Then when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace!

John Ellerton, 1866, alt. (text of 1868)

52 All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night

Tallis's Evening Hymn

Alt. from Thomas Tallis, 1560

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thy own al - might-y wings. A - men.

2 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

3 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693 (text of 1709)

Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss

Naomi

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1836

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov'r - eign will de - nies,

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise. A - men.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.
Anne Steele, 1760; alt. A. M. Toplady, 1776

Father, Give Thy Benediction

Vesper Hymn

Arr. by Sir John A. Stevenson, 1818

1. Fa - ther, give Thy ben - e - dic - tion, Give Thy peace be - fore we part;

Still our minds with truths con - vic - tion, Calm with trust each anx - ious heart.

Let Thy voice, with sweet com - mand - ing, Bid our griefs and strug - gles end;

Father, Give Thy Benediction.—Concluded

Peace which passeth un-der-stand-ing On our wait-ing spir-its send. A-men.

Samuel Longfellow

55

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

The Hymn to Joy

Arr. from Ludwig van Beethoven, 1824

1. Joy-ful, joy-ful, we a-dore Thee, God of glo-ry, Lord of love;

Hearts un-fold like flowers be-fore Thee, O-p'ning to the sun a-bove.

Melt the clouds of sin and sad-ness; Drive the dark of doubt a-way;

Giv-er of im-mor-tal glad-ness, Fill us with the light of day. A-men.

2 All Thy works with joy surround Thee,
Earth and heaven reflect Thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around Thee,
Center of unbroken praise:
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Blossoming meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain,
Call us to rejoice in Thee.

3 Thou art giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Well-spring of the joy of living
Ocean-depth of happy rest!
Thou the Father, Christ our Brother,
All who live in love are Thine:
Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the Joy Divine.

Henry Van Dyke, 1907

Hermon

Lowell Mason, 1832

1. God moves in a mys-te-rious way His won-ders to per-form;
He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm. A-men.

2 Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1774

Faith

John B. Dykes, 1867

1. Im-mor-tal Love, for-ev-er full, For-ev-er flow-ing free,
For-ev-er shared, for-ev-er whole, A nev-er-ebb-ing sea! A-men.

2 Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth Love.

3 The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

John G. Whittier, 1866

Waltham

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

1. E - ter - nal One, Thou liv - ing God, Whom chang - ing years unchanged re - veal,

With Thee their way our fa - thers trod ; The hand they held, in ours we feel. A - men.

2 We bless Thee for the growing light,
The advancing thought, the widening view,
The larger freedom, clearer sight,
Which from the old unfolds the new,

3 Anew we pledge our lives to Thee
To follow where Thy Truth shall lead:
Afloat upon its boundless sea,
Who sails with God is safe indeed!

Samuel Longfellow

Duke Street

John Hatton, c. 1793

1. O Father, Thou who giv - est all The bounty of Thy per - fect love,

We thank Thee that up - on us fall Such tender bless - ings from a - bove. A - men.

2 We thank Thee for the grace of home,
For mother's love and father's care;
For friends and teachers—all who come
Our joys and hopes and fears to share.

For shoulders broad and strong to bear,
For feet to run on errands swift,

3 For eyes to see and ears to hear,
For hands to serve and arms to lift,

4 For faith to conquer doubt and fear,
For love to answer every call,
For strength to do, and will to dare,
We thank Thee, O Thou Lord of all!

John Haynes Holmes, 1908

Daylight from the Sky Has Faded

Daniel Batchellor, 1875

mp 1. Day - light from the sky has faded, Shadows fall o'er land and sea;

p

m Ere in sleep our eyes are shaded, Lord, we lift our hearts to Thee.

mf

cres - cen - do

Take not Thou Thy light away, Fair - er than the light of day.

dim. - e - rall.

mf Fa - ther, let Thy pre - sence cheer us, Darkness flies when Thou art near us.

2 Flowers, amid the calm of even,
Lift their heads, refreshed with dew,
Weary hearts look up to heaven,
There to find their strength anew;
Thus we thirst for Thee, O Lord;
Let Thy grace on us be poured,
Cleanse and pardon and restore us
Shed the dew of blessing o'er us.

3 Babes, their trustful eyelids closing,
Slumber on their mother's breast;
Little birds, in peace reposing,
Under parent wings find rest:
Whither shall Thy children flee,
Heavenly Father, but to Thee?
Thou wilt watch, while, in Thy keeping,
Calm and peaceful, we are sleeping.

O Pure Reformers, Not in Vain

Dundee

The Scottish Psalter, 1615

1. O pure Re - form - ers! Not in vain Your trust in hu - man kind;

O Pure Reformers, Not in Vain—Concluded

The good which bloodshed could not gain Your peaceful zeal shall find. A - men.

2 The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide;
The voice of nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

3 Press on! And, if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the Right.

John G. Whittier

62

Day is Dying in the West

Evening Praise

William F. Sherwin, 1877

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heaven is touch - ing earth with rest:

Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her eve - ning lamps alight Through all the

sky. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are

full of Thee! Heaven and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee!
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!

Mary A. Lathbury, 1877

Olipphant

Arr. from Pierre M. F. de S. Baillot, 1830, by Lowell Mason, 1832

1. Help us, O Thou gra-cious Fa-ther, Fill our lives with love and light;

Teach us, as with joy we serve Thee, How to make the dark spots bright,

Giv-ing gladness, Shar-ing bless-ings, Striv-ing brave-ly for the right. A-men.

2 O refresh us at Thy fountain
As each morning dawns anew,
Lead us in the paths of justice,
Keep us ever kind and true,
As we humbly
Walk beside Thee,
Learning how and what to do.

3 Seeking ever in Thy temple
For the things of highest worth,
Working for and with our fellows,
In our souls may thoughts have birth,
That will help us
In the spreading
Of Thy kingdom o'er the earth.

Elizabeth Lloyd

St. Marguerite

Edward C. Walker, 1876

1. O still in ac-cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an-cient word,

More reap-ers for white har-vest fields, More labor-ers for the Lord. A-men.

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie;
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

3 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do Thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

God of the Strong, God of the Weak

Mozart

Arr. from the *Kyrie* in the "Twelfth Mass," attributed to Mozart

1. God of the strong, God of the weak, Lord of all lands and our own land,

Light of all souls, from Thee we seek Light from Thy light, strength from Thy hand. A - men.

- 2 In suffering Thou hast made us one,
In mighty burdens one are we;
Teach us that lowliest duty done
Is highest service unto Thee.
- 3 Teach us, great Teacher of mankind,
The sacrifice that brings Thy balm;

The love, the work, that bless and bind,
Teach us Thy majesty, Thy calm.

- 4 Teach Thou, and we shall know indeed
The truth divine that maketh free;
And knowing, we may sow the seed
That blossoms through eternity.

Richard Watson Gilder, 1903

They Who Tread the Path of Labor

Stuttgart

Arr. from "Psalmody Sacra," Gotha, 1715

1. They who tread the path of la - bor, Fol - low where my feet have trod;

They who work without complain-ing, Do the ho - ly will of God. A - men.

- 2 Where the many toil together,
There am I among my own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth,
There am I with him alone.
- 3 I, the peace that passeth knowledge,
Dwell amid the daily strife,
I, the bread of heaven, am broken
In the sacrament of life.

- 4 Every task, however simple,
Sets the soul that does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy
Done to man is done to me.

- 5 Never more thou needest seek me,
I am with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone and thou shalt find me;
Cleave the wood and I am there.

Henry van Dyke, 1900

1. God send us men whose aim 'twill be, Not to de-fend some an-cient creed,

But to live out the laws of Right In ev - ery thought and word and deed. A - men.

2 God send us men alert and quick
His lofty precepts to translate,
Until the laws of Right become
The laws and habits of the State.

With vision clear and mind equipped,
His will to learn, His work to do.

3 God send us men of steadfast will,
Patient, courageous, strong and true;

4 God send us men with hearts ablaze,
All truth to love, all wrong to hate;
These are the patriots nations need,
These are the bulwarks of the State.

F. J. Gilman, alt.

1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,

A-bove the noise of self-ish strife, We hear thy voice, O Son of man! A - men.

2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of thy tears.

4 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again.

3 The cup of water given for thee
Still holds the freshness of thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of thy face.

5 Till sons of men shall learn thy love
And follow where thy feet have trod:
Till glorious from thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

Frank Mason North, 1905

Lord, Speak to Me

Canonbury

Arr. from Robert A. Schumann, 1839

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of thy tone;

As thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone. A - men.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungry ones with manna sweet.

And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

3 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;

4 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal, 1872

God of the Nations

Lambeth

William Schulthes, 1871

1. God of the na - tions, near and far, Rul - er of all man - kind,

Bless Thou Thy peo - ple as they strive The paths of peace to find. A - men.

2 And stronger far the clasped hands
Of labor's teeming throngs,
Who in a hundred tongues repeat
Their common creeds and songs.

The gloom of land and sea is lit
With Pentecostal flame.

3 From shore to shore the peoples call
In loud and sweet acclaim,

4 O Father! from the curse of war
We pray Thee give release,
And speed, O speed the blessed day
Of justice, love and peace.

John Haynes Holmes, 1911

We Need Love's Tender Lessons Taught

(Tune—"Lambeth," see music above)

1 We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God hath His small interpreters,
The child must teach the man.

2 Alone to guilelessness and love
Heaven's gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The childlike heart is all.

John G. Whittier, 1855

Lo, the Earth is Risen Again

Monkland

Arr. by John B. Wilkes, 1861

1. Lo, the earth is risen a - gain From the win - ter's bond and pain!

Bring we flower and leaf and spray To a - dorn our hol - i - day. A - men.

2 Once again the word comes true,
Lo, He maketh all things new.
Now the dark cold days are o'er,
Light and gladness are before.

Light is victor over gloom,
Life triumphant o'er the tomb.

3 How our hearts leap with the spring!
How our spirits soar and sing!

4 Change, then, mourning into praise,
And, for dirges, anthems raise!
All our fears and griefs shall be
Lost in immortality.

Samuel Longfellow

O Beautiful for Spacious Skies

Materna

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies For am - ber waves of grain,

For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties, A - bove the fruit - ed plain:

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee

O Beautiful for Spacious Skies—Concluded

And crown thy good with brother-hood From sea to shin-ing sea. A - men.

2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness;
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law.

3 O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life;

America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine.

4 O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears;
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

Katherine Lee Bates, 1904

74

O God of Gifts Exceeding Rare

Beatitudo

John B. Dykes, 1875

1. O God of gifts ex - ceed - ing rare To broth-ers here be - low,

Accept our grateful, anx-ious prayer And make our tal-ents grow. A - men.

2 Oh, take away the unused gift,
The power allowed to drift;
Show us that small things from above
Gain strength to heal through love.

3 The truths, O Lord, thou late hast taught
Have made us clearly see
That when we serve thee as we ought,
Then only are we free.

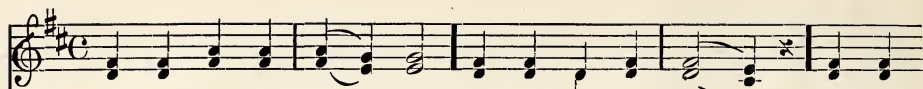
4 Grant us that thy plan of majesty
May let us work with thee

To change the water into wine,
Make humblest things divine.

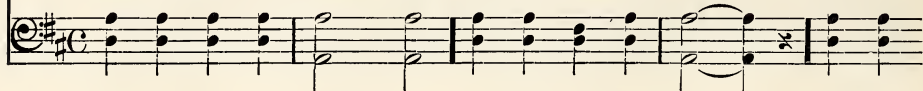
5 Preserve us gentle in our strength,
And patient with the slow,
Till we deserve such praise at length
As only thou shalt know.

6 O God of gifts exceeding rare,
Grant that we here below
May live the answer to our prayer
For talents that shall grow.

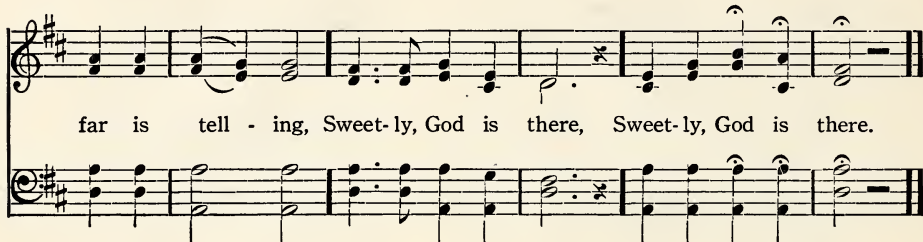
Madeline Sweeney Miller, 1913



1. When o'er earth is break - ing Ro - sy light and fair, Morn a -



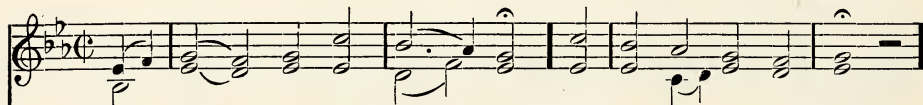
far is tell - ing, Sweet-ly, God is there, Sweet-ly, God is there.



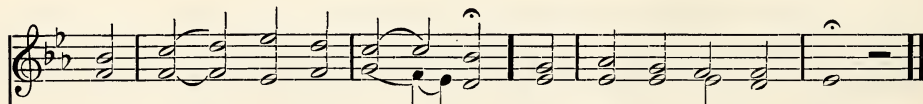
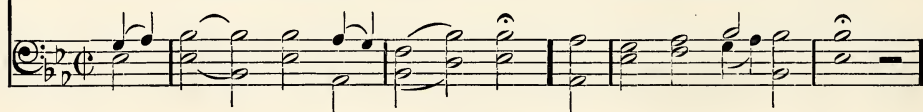
2 When the Spring is wreathing
Flowers rich and rare,
On each leaf is written
Nature's God is there,
Nature's God is there.

All Things Bright and Beautiful

From "El. Heerwart's Coll."



1. All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea-tures great and small,



All things bright and won - der-ful, The Fa - ther made them all.



2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The tall trees in the green wood,
The meadows where we play,

The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.

4 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
The goodness of the Father,
Who hath done all things well.

Cecil Frances Alexander

The Spring is Come

Glück

1. The spring is come! the spring is come! A - gain all things re - joice;

All streams and rills, and green-clad hills Lift up their cheer-ful voice,

All streams and rills, and green-clad hills Lift up their cheer-ful voice.

- 2 The spring is come! the spring is come! The merry robins sing;
 And in the grass, where'er we pass,
 The sweet, white daisies spring,
 And in the grass, where'er we pass,
 The sweet, white daisies spring.
- 3 The spring is come! the spring is come! We feel the south wind blow;
 And in the dell, where violets dwell,
 We hear the brooklet flow,
 And in the dell, where violets dwell,
 We hear the brooklet flow.

Little Lambs

H. J. Gauntlett

1. Lit - tle lambs so white and fair, Are the shep-herd's con - stant care;

Now he leads their ten - der feet, In - to past - ures green and sweet.

- 2 Now they listen and obey,
 Following where he leads the way;
 Heavenly Father may we be
 Thus obedient unto thee.

Car - ol, chil-dren, car - ol, Car - ol joy - ful - ly, Car - ol for the

The first system of the musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A and B, then a quarter note C. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

com - ing Of Christ's na-tiv - i - ty; And pray a gladsome Christmas

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a quarter note D, then eighth notes E and F, followed by a quarter note G. The bass staff continues with chords. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

To all good Chris-tian men, Then car - ol, chil-dren, car - ol, Till

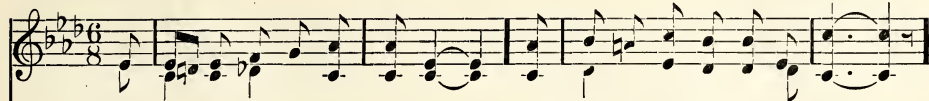
The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a quarter note A, then eighth notes B and C, followed by a quarter note D. The bass staff continues with chords. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

Christmas comes a - gain, O car - ol, chil-dren, car - ol, Car - ol joy - ful -

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a quarter note E, then eighth notes F and G, followed by a quarter note A. The bass staff continues with chords. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

ly, Car - ol for the com - ing Of Christ's na-tiv - i - ty.

The fifth system concludes the piece. The treble staff has a quarter note B, then eighth notes C and D, followed by a quarter note E. The bass staff continues with chords. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.



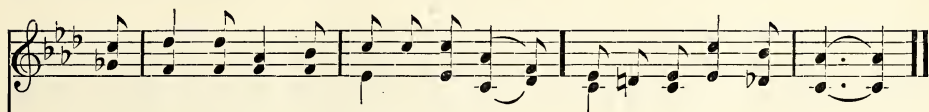
1. The air is filled with the ech - oes, Glad voic - es are sing - ing a - gain,



"Glo - ry to God in the High - est! Peace and good will to men!"



O lis - ten, dear chil - dren, lis - ten, The bells and the great chimes say,



The sweet - est song that ev - er was sung, "Je - sus was born to - day."



2 The world was dark and lonely,
Till the sound of his voice was heard;
And the hearts of the sad and lowly
Leaped at his lightest word;
And over the fields in their beauty
The lilies and birds of the air,
The tender love of the Father
He showed us everywhere.

3 An angel may praise him in heaven,
A child may sing upon earth,
With a joy that shall ring thro' all ages,
The story of Christ and his birth.
O listen, dear children, listen!
The bells and the great chimes say
The sweetest song that ever was sung
"Jesus was born to-day!"

Bethlehem

Gottfried W. Fink, 1842

1. Calm on the listen-ing ear of night Come heaven's mel-o - dious strains,

Where wild Ju - de - a stretch-es forth Her sil - ver man - tled plains;

Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;

And an-gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air. A - men.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply,
 And greet from all their holy heights
 The Day-spring from on high:
 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm;
 And Sharon waves in solemn praise
 Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
 The realm of ether fills;
 How sweeps the song of solemn joy
 O'er Judah's sacred hills!

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring:
 "Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
 From heaven's eternal King."

4 This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
 And Christian hearts be cold?
 O catch the anthem that from heaven
 O'er Judah's mountains rolled;
 When burst upon that listening night
 The high and solemn lay,
 "Glory to God; on earth be peace:"
 Salvation comes to-day.

Edmund H. Sears, 1834. (Text of 1875)

Our Father! Thy Dear Name Doth Show

Tune—Bethlehem (See 81)

- 1 Our Father! Thy dear name doth show
The greatness of Thy love;
All are Thy children here below
As in Thy heaven above.
One family on earth are we
Throughout its widest span;
O help us every where to see
The brotherhood of man.
- 2 Alike we share Thy tender care;
We trust one heavenly Friend;
Before one mercy-seat in prayer
In confidence we bend;
Alike we hear Thy loving call;
One heavenly vision scan,
One Lord, one faith, one hope for all,
The brotherhood of man.
- 3 Bring in, we pray, the glorious day
When battle cries are stilled;
When bitter strife is swept away
And hearts with love are filled.
O help us banish pride and wrong,
Which since the world began
Have marred its peace; help us make strong
The brotherhood of man.
- 4 Close knit the warm fraternal tie
That makes the whole world one;
Our discords change to harmony
Like angel-songs begun:
At last, upon that brighter shore
Complete Thy glorious plan,
And heaven shall crown for evermore
The brotherhood of man.

Charles H. Richards, 1910

Faith of Our Fathers!

Henri F. Hemy, 1863:
alt. by James G. Walton, 1871

St. Catherine

1 Faith of our fa - thers! Liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo - rious word;
Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death. A - men.

- 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
And blest would be their children's fate
If they, like them, should die for thee:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.
- 3 Faith of our fathers! God's great power
Shall win all nations unto thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Mankind shall then indeed be free:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.
- 4 Faith of our fathers! We will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1849: verse 2, line 4; verse 3, lines 1-4 alt.

Fabien

John H. Wilcox, 1849

1. Praise the Lord: ye heavens a-dore Him; Praise Him, an-gels, in the height;
Sun and moon, re-joice be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord, for He hath spo-ken; Worlds His might-y voice o-beyed:
Laws which nev-er shall be bro-ken For their guidance hath He made. A-men.

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name.

3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
All the saints in heaven adore Thee;
We would bow before Thy throne:
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

Verses 1, 2, Anon. c. 1801; verse 3, Edward Osler, 1836

Lucerne

T. A. Willis, 1876

1. God is Love; His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;

God Is Love; His Mercy Brightens—Concluded

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens God is Wis- dom, God is Love. A- men.

2 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

3 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

Sir John Bowring, 1825

86 I Dimly Guess from Blessings Known

Amesbury

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

1. I dim - ly guess from bless - ings known Of great - er out of sight,

And, with the chas-tened Psalm - ist, own His judg - ments too are right.

I know not what the fu - ture hath Of mar - vel or sur - prise,

As - sured a - lone that life and death His mer - cy un - der - lies. A- men.

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2 No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.
And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

3 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

John G. Whittier, 1867

O I Have Seen the Glory

Marguerite H. Zavitz. 1923

1. O I have seen the glo - ry of the Lord;..... His message and His

bid - ding I have heard;... The trailing garments of His shining train..... Have lighted

up the tem - ple of my train. I promised Him, that by His grace di -

vine I would be His, and I would make Him mine : That I would make Him mine.

2 He did reveal to me His holy plan, [men,
 "Keep pure thy heart, and serve thy fellow-
 Forgetting not the vision thou hast seen;
 And imitate the lowly Nazarene;
 Attune thy mind to love, love is the key
 That opens heaven, and leads thy soul to Me,
 That leads thy soul to Me."

3 O Lord! I come, for Thou hast giv'n me grace
 To hear Thy voice and see Thee face to face.
 I will henceforth pursue Thy holy plan,
 Keep pure my heart, and serve my fellow-
 I'll follow love, unselfish love—that key [men,
 That opens heaven, and leads my soul to
 That leads my soul to Thee. [Thee,
 Edgar M. Zavitz, 1923

Hushed was the Evening Hymn

Samuel

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark,

Hushed was the Evening Hymn—Concluded

The lamp was burning dim, Be-fore the sa - cred ark: When sud-den-ly a

voice di - vine Rang through the si - lence of the shrine. A - men.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word!
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates!
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death!
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
James D. Burns, 1857

89

All that's Good and Great and True

Orientis Partibus

From mediæval French Melody
Arr. by Richard Redhead, 1853

1. All that's good and great and true, All that is and is to be,

Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Fa - ther, comes from Thee. A - men.

2 Not a bird that doth not sing,
Sweetest praises to Thy name;
Not an insect on the wing
But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

3 Every blade and every tree,
All in happy concert ring,
And in wondrous harmony
Join in praises to their King.

4 Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain-top and wooded dell,
All, in singing, sing of Thee,
Songs of love ineffable.

5 Fill us then with love divine,
Grant that we, though toiling here,
May in spirit, being Thine,
See and hear Thee everywhere.
Godfrey Thring

Rousseau's Hymn

J. J. Rousseau, 1775

1. { When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau-ty of the hills, }
 And the sun-shine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss-es on the rills, }

We may read love's shin-ing let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray;

We shall know each oth-er bet-ter, When the mists have rolled a-way.

2 If we err in human blindness,
 And forget that we are dust;
 If we miss the law of kindness,
 When we struggle to be just;
 Snowy wings of peace shall cover
 All the anguish of to-day;
 When the weary watch is over,
 And the mists have rolled away.

3 When the mists have risen above us,
 As our Father knows His own,
 Face to face with those who love us,
 We shall know as we are known,
 Low beyond the orient meadows,
 Floats the golden fringe of day;
 Heart to heart we'll bide the shadows,
 Till the mists have rolled away.

Annie Herbert

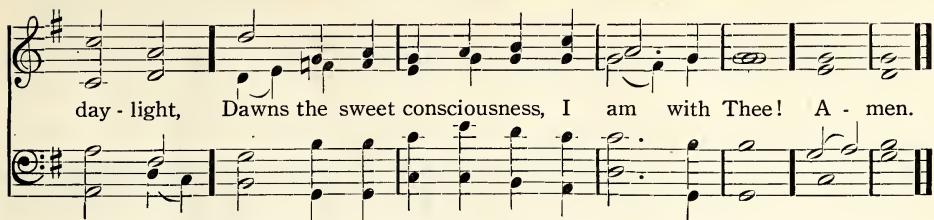
Windsor. (Ventnor)

Joseph Barnby, 1838-1896

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird

wak-eth and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love-lier than the

Still, Still with Thee—Concluded



2 Alone with Thee amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of Nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath the wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

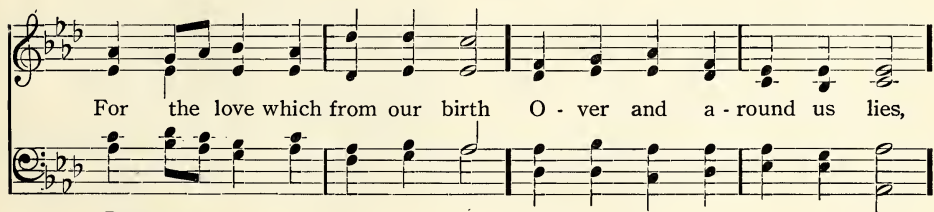
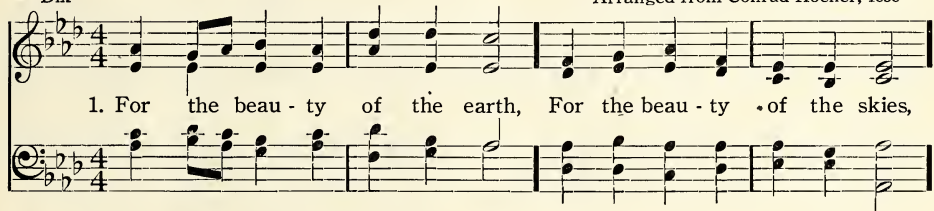
4 So shall it be at last in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1855, ab.

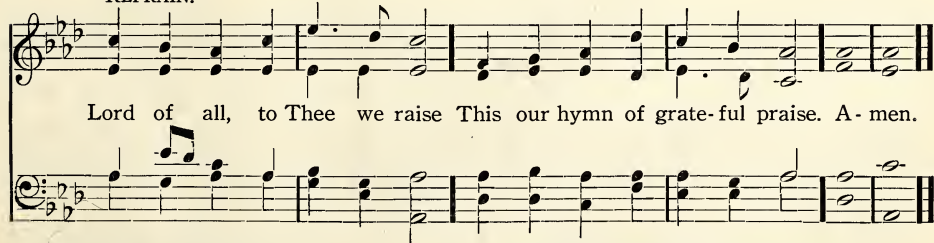
92 For the Beauty of the Earth

Dix

Arranged from Conrad Kocher, 1838



REFRAIN.



2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light.—REF.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,

Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild.—REF.

4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven,—REF.
F. S. Pierpoint, 1864, alt.

1. Fa-ther in heaven, Who lov - est all, O help Thy chil-dren when they call ;

That they may build from age to age An un - de - fil - ed her - it - age.

REFRAIN.

Fa-ther in heaven, Who lov - est all, O help Thy children when they call. A - men.

2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth ;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.—REF.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves always,
Controlled and cleanly night and day ;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.—REF.

4 Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge, and not our friends ;

That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.—REF.

5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

6 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs ;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.—REF.

Rudyard Kipling, 1906

94 Father, to Us Thy Children, Humbly Kneeling

Felix

Mendelssohn

1. Fa - ther, to us Thy children, hum - bly kneel - ing, Con - scious of

weak-ness, ign'rance, sin, and shame, Give such a force of ho - ly thought and

Father, to Us Thy Children, Humbly Kneeling—Concluded

feel - ing, That we may live to glo - ri - fy Thy name. A - men.

2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thee still.

3 Let all Thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all Thy mercy on our souls be sealed;
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make us clean;
O, speak the word, Thy servants shall be healed!

James Freeman Clarke, 1841

95 The Still Small Voice that Speaks Within

Gabriel

Traditional

1. The still small voice that speaks within, I hear it when at play, I speak the loud and

angry word That drives my friend away. The voice within, the voice within, O, may I

have a care; It speaks to warn from ev'ry sin, And God has plac'd it there. A - men.

2 If falsehood whispers to my heart
To tell a coward lie,
To hide some careless thing I've done,
I hear the sad voice nigh.—REF.

3 If selfishness would bid me keep
What I should gladly share,

I hear again the inner voice,
And then with shame forbear.—REF.

4 I thank Thee, Father, for this friend
Whom I would always heed;
O may I hear its slightest tone
In every time of need.—REF.

Fanny Fagan

To Knights in the Days' of Old

Follow the Gleam

Sallie Hume Douglas

1. To knights in the days of old,..... Keeping vig - il on

moun - tain height, Came a vis - ion of Ho - ly Grail,..... And a

voice thro' the wait - ing night,..... Say - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low the

gleam, Ban - ners un - furled o - ver the world, Fol - low, fol - -

To Knights in the Days of Old—Concluded

low, fol-low the gleam Of the chal-ice that is the Grail."

Used by the kind permission of Sallie Hume Douglas, composer

2 And we who would serve the King, Saying, "Follow, follow the gleam,
And loyally Him obey, Standards of worth over the earth
In the consecrate silence know Follow, follow, follow the gleam
That the challenge still sounds to-day, Of the light that shall bring the dawn."

The Silver Bay Prize Song, 1920. Written by Bryn Mawr College
By permission of The Woman's Press

97 Lead Us, O Father

Burleigh

Joseph Barnby, 1883

1. Lead us, O Fa-ther, in the paths of peace; With-out Thy

guid-ing hand we go a-stray, And doubts ap-pall, and sor-rows

still in-crease; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv-ing way. A-men.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

3 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

William H. Burleigh, 1871

What Thou Wilt, O Father, Give

Nuremberg

Alt. from Johann R. Ahle, 1664

1. What Thou wilt, O Fa - ther, give! All is gain that I re - ceive:

Let the low-liest task be mine, Grate-ful, so the work be Thine. A - men.

2 Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace;
Let me find in Thine employ
Peace that dearer is than joy.

4 Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent -
Let me be the thing I meant!

3 If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

5 Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

John G. Whittier, 1864

Blest be the Tie that Binds

Boylston

Lowell Mason, 1832

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love: The fel - low -

ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove. A - men.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

Rev. John Fawcett, pub., 1782

1. Rise up, O men of God! Have done with less - er things! Give heart, and soul, and mind, and strength To serve the King of kings. A - men.

2 Rise up, O men of God;
His kingdom tarries long,
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

3 Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod
As brothers of the Son of man,
Rise up, O men of God!

William Pierson Merrill, 1911

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1. Be - hold us, Lord, a lit - tle space From dai - ly tasks set free, And met with-in Thy ho - ly place To rest a - while with Thee. A - men.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

4 Thine are the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayest be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

5 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1870

Hymn for Universal Peace

Evelyn Leeds-Cole

mf *cres.*

1. Broth - ers of ev - 'ry clime, Led by a hope sublime, We sheath the

p *mf*

sword; Long has the earth been rife With hate and dead - ly strife,

f *cres.* *ff* *rit. pp*

Pledge we our heart and life For blest ac - cord. man!.....

svas ad lib.

Ending for 4th stanza.

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2 God grant us each the light
To know and do the right
Though loss obtain;
Seeing a brother's need,
Yield not to selfish greed,
When love is man's first creed,
Then Peace will reign.

3 Father in heaven, we pray
Speed Thou the righteous day
When war shall cease;
When nations hand in hand,
O'er every sea and land,
In love before Thee stand,
O grant Thy peace.

4 Joyful our praises ring,
Hosannas to our King,
O'er earth's wide span;
Angels make glad reply—
Hark! their exultant cry,
"Glory to God on high,
Good will to man!"

Evelyn Leeds-Cole

Hesperus

Henry Baker, 1866

1. O God of Love, O King of Peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease;

The wrath of sin - ful man restrain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain! A - men.

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Henry W. Baker, 1861

Bray

Ad. for C. E. Hymnal

FINE.

1. { If a - ny lit - tle word of mine May make a life the bright - er; }
{ If a - ny lit - tle song of mine May make a heart the light - er, }

D.S.—drop it in some lone - ly vale, To set the ech - oes ring - ing.

God help me speak the lit - tle word, And take my bit of sing - ing And

2 If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter;
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleetier;

If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love, and care, and strength,
To help my toiling brother.

Lord, We Come Before Thee Now

Pleyel's Hymn

Arr. from Ignace J. Pleyel, 1790

1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow;
O do not our suit dis-dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A-men.

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;

Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let as all rejoice in Thee.

William Hammond, 1745

The Blessed Day is Dawning

The Dawn of Peace
Con spirito

Daniel Batchellor

1. The bless-ed day is dawn-ing, When war and strife shall end;
When all man-kind to- geth- er Shall dwell, as friend-with friend.

mf REFRAIN.
That hap-py day, O na-tions, Pray God He soon may send,

The Blessed Day is Dawning—Concluded

f

When all mankind to - geth - er Shall dwell, as friend with friend.

2 The blessed day is dawning,
The past is gone for aye;
New lessons man is learning
Of love and peace to-day.—REF.

3 The blessed light is dawning,
O, may it e'er increase!
And bring that day's glad coming,
When war and strife shall cease.—REF.
Ellwood Roberts

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Peace Be to This Congregation

Nettleton

Asahel Nettleton, 1825

1. Peace be to this con - gre - ga - tion, Peace to ev - 'ry heart here - in!

Peace, the earn - est of sal - va - tion, Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;

Peace that speaks the heav'nly Giv - er; Peace to world - ly minds un - known;

Peace that flow - eth as a riv - er From th'et - er - nal Source a - lone. A - men

2 O Thou God of peace, be near us,
Fix within our hearts Thy home;
With Thy bright appearing cheer us,
In Thy blessed freedom come!

Come with all Thy revelations,
Truth, which we so long have sought;
Come with Thy deep consolations,
Peace of God, which passeth thought!

Charles Wesley

1. "Christ in the heart and His love in the na - tion!" Stronger are these than the
gun or the sword; Dawns the new day of our country's salvation, Cleans'd from her
sins by the might of the Lord. Christ in the human heart, Teach us the bet-ter part,
Save us from treacher - y, bat - tle and greed; Love be the na-tion's word,
By ev - 'ry peo - ple heard, Love for hu - man-i - ty in its great need.

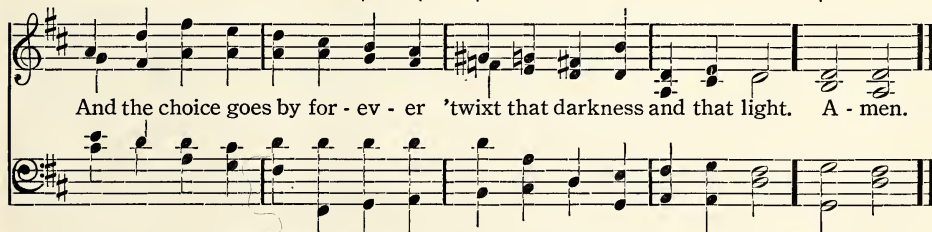
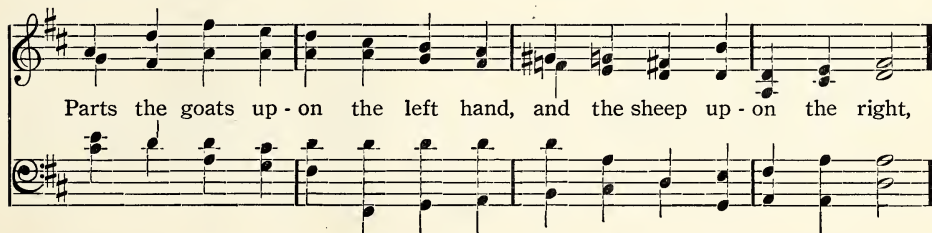
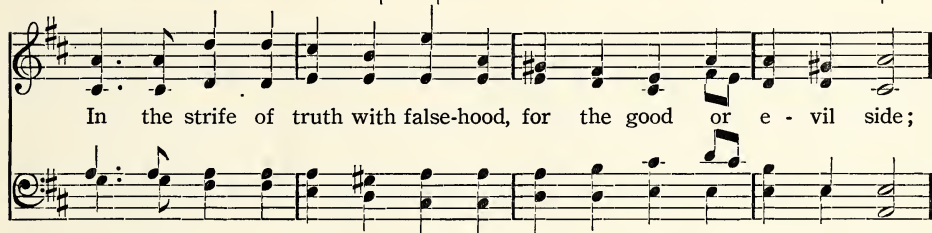
2 Angels of Bethlehem, sound your glad chorus,
Thrilling our souls by its message divine;
Warfare and carnage no more shall rule o'er us,
Brightly the star of our Saviour shall shine.
Star of the Prince of peace,
Bring to us swift release,
Let not our brothers their brothers destroy:
Lead us to truly pray,
Show us the higher way,
Teach us that living for others is joy.

3 Flag of our fathers, float on in thy glory!
Always thy red stand for justice and law,
Ever thy white tell the sweet gospel story,
Never thy blue in its truth show a flaw,
And every lustrous star,
Shine from thy folds afar,
Over a people united and free;
Guarding this flag above,
Keep us, O God of love,
Loyal to country, to manhood and Thee,

Elizabeth Lloyd

Lux Eoi

Arthur Sullivan, 1875



2 Then to side with truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
 Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
 Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
 And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

3 New occasions teach new duties: time makes ancient good uncouth;
 They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast with truth;
 Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be,
 Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
 Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

James R. Lowell, 1845

Aurelia

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

1. An-oth-er year is dawn-ing, Dear Father, let it be, In work-ing or in wait-ing, An - oth-er year with Thee; An-oth-er year of prog-ress, An-oth-er year of praise, An-oth-er year of prov-ing Thy presence all the days; A-men.

2 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face;
Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast;
Another year of trusting,
Of quiet, happy rest,—

3 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.
Another year is dawning,
Dear Father, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

Jordan

Joseph Barnby, 1872

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The fly-ing cloud, the frost-y light:
The year is dy-ing in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring Out, Wild Bells, to the Wild Sky—Concluded

Voices in Unison

In Harmony

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, hap - py bells, a - cross the snow:

Voices in Unison

In Harmony

The year is go - ing, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true. A-men.

2 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

3 Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson, 1850

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Father, Now our Prayer is Said

Innocents

Arr. from G. F. Handel, 1728

1. Fa - ther, now our prayer is said, Lay Thy hand up - on our head:

Pleas - ures pass from day to day, But we know that love will stay.

2 While we sleep it will be near;
We shall wake and find it here;
We shall feel it in the air,
When we say our morning prayer.

3 And when things are sad or wrong,
Then we know that love is strong;

When we ache, or when we weep,
Then we know that love is deep.

4 Love is old, and love is new;
Love outlasteth firm and true:
And the Lord who made it thus,
Did it in His love for us.

W. B. Rands, 1826-1882

The Lilies

F. Silcher

With expression

1. { Hark! the lilies whisper, Tenderly and low,
In our grace and beauty, See how fair we grow. }

Hark! the roses speak - ing, Tell - ing all a - broad,

This sweet, wondrous sto - ry Of the love of God.

2 And if toil and trouble
Be our lot below,
Think upon the lilies
See how fair they grow.

Flowers of field and garden—
All their voices blend;
And their Maker's praises
To our souls commend.

W. H. Doane.

*Gently**p*

1. Be si - lent, be si - lent, A whis - per is heard,

Be si - lent, and list - en, O treas - ure each word.

Be Silent, Be Silent—Concluded

CHORUS

The musical score for the chorus is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics: "Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, The Mas - ter is here," with "soft - ly here," written below the first two phrases. The piano accompaniment consists of chords. The second system also has a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics: "Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, He bids us draw near." with "soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here." written below the first two phrases. The piano accompaniment continues with chords. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *rit.* (ritardando).

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane

2 Be silent, be silent,
For holy this place,
This altar that echoes
The message of grace.—CHO.

3 Be silent, be silent,
Breathe humbly our prayer,

A foretaste of Eden,
This moment we share.—CHO.

4 Be silent, be silent,
His mercy record,
Be silent, be silent,
And wait on the Lord.—CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby

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One By One the Sands are Flowing

T. A. Willis

The musical score for "One By One the Sands are Flowing" is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics: "1. One by one the sands are flow - ing, One by one the mo - ments fall,". The piano accompaniment consists of chords. The second system also has a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics: "Some are com - ing, some are go - ing, Do not strive to grasp them all." The piano accompaniment continues with chords. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

2 One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

3 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

4 Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

5 Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Adelaide Anne Proctor (1825-1864)

1. He hides with-in the lil-y, A strong and ten-der Care,
That wins the earth-born a-toms To glo-ry of the air;
He waves the shin-ing gar-ments Un-ceas-ing-ly and still,
A-long the qui-et wa-ters, In nich-es of the hill. A-men.

- 2 We linger at the vigil
With Him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As, brightening down the ages,
God's secret thrilleth through.
- 3 O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the Man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan:

The flower-horizons open,
The blossom vaster shows;
We hear thy wide worlds echo,
"See how the lily grows!"

- 4 Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding, thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought:
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!

William C. Gannett, 1873

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev-'ry

Joy to the World—Concluded

heart pre - pare Him room, And heaven and na - ture sing, And

1. And heaven and na - ture

heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven, and heaven and na - ture sing. A - men.
sing, And heaven and nature sing,

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1719

118 While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night

Christmas

From George F. Handel

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an - gel

of the Lord came down, And glory shone a-round, And glo - ry shone a - round. A - men.

2 "Fear not!" said he for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,

All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

Nahum Tate, 1702

Once a Little Baby Lay

Margaret Bradford Morton

1. Once a lit - tle ba - by lay Cra - dled on the fra-grant hay,
Long a - go on Christ-mas; Stranger bed a babe ne'er found, Wond'ring cat - tle
stood a-round, Long a - go on Christ - mas, Long a - go on Christ - mas.

2 By the shining vision taught
Shepherds for the Christ-Child sought,
Long ago on Christmas;
Guided in a star-lit way,
Wise men came their gifts to pay,
Long ago on Christmas,
Long ago on Christmas.

3 And to-day the whole glad earth,
Praises God for that Child's birth,
Long ago on Christmas;
For the Light, the Truth, the Way,
Came to bless the earth that day,
Long ago on Christmas,
Long ago on Christmas.

Emilie Poulsson

Carry the Sunshine

F. A. Clark

SOP. AND ALTO

1. Car-ry the sunshine, heav-en-ly sunshine, Scatter-ing gloom or dark-ness or woe,
Cheer-fully serv-ing, cheer-fully giv-ing, Car-ry the sun-shine where-ev-er you go.

Carry the Sunshine—Concluded

REFRAIN. *a tempo*

Car-ry the sunshine, heavenly sunshine, Scat-ter it 'round you from day unto day;

Hearts will grow brighter, burdens be lighter, If heav'nly sunshine illumines the way.

2 Carry the sunshine, heavenly sunshine,
Unto the weary wherever they be,
Comfort and help them, tenderly tell them
Jesus is near, heaven's sunshine is free.—REF.

3 Carry the sunshine, heavenly sunshine,
Life's dreary shadows quickly will flee,
Radiantly dawning, fair as the morning,
God's smile will linger forever with thee.—REF.

F. A. Clark

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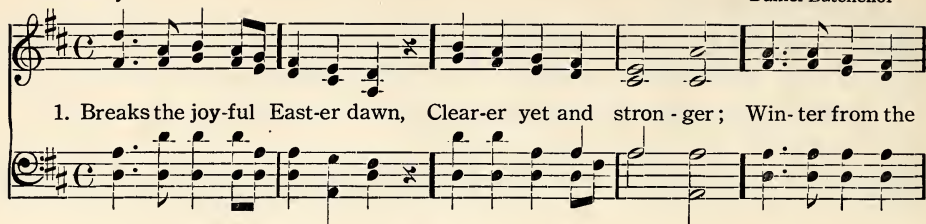
Thank Thee

Hollis Dann

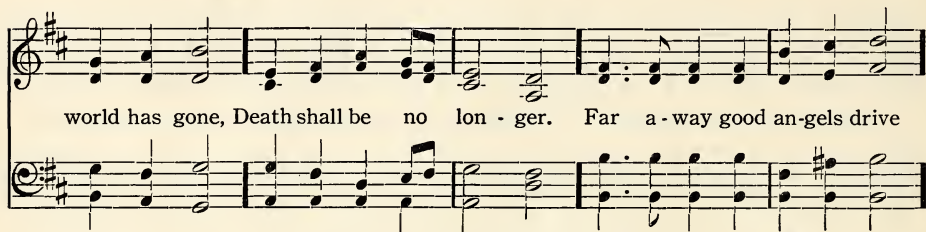
“Thank Thee!” for the world so sweet; “Thank Thee!” for the food we eat:

“Thank Thee!” for the birds that sing; “Thank Thee,” God, for ev - 'ry - thing.

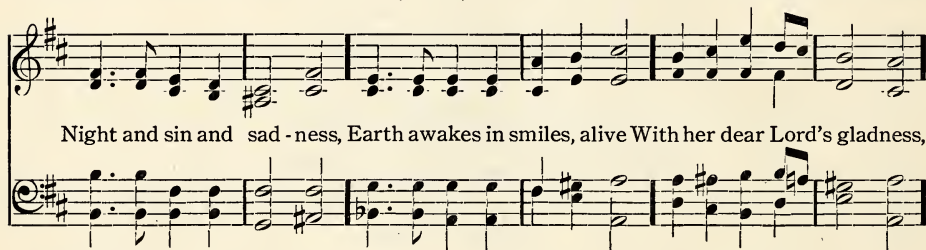
Hollis Dann



1. Breaks the joy-ful East-er dawn, Clear-er yet and stron-ger; Win-ter from the



world has gone, Death shall be no lon-ger. Far a-way good an-gels drive

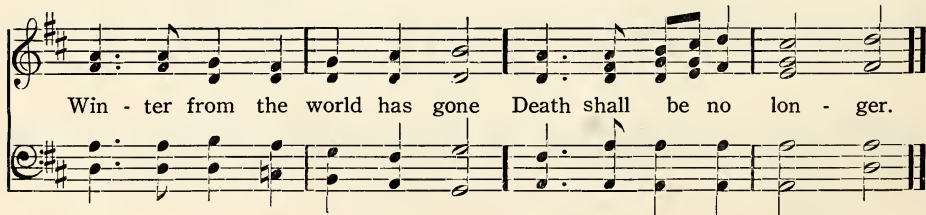


Night and sin and sad-ness, Earth awakes in smiles, alive With her dear Lord's gladness,

CHORUS.



Break the joy-ful Eas-ter dawn Clear-er yet and stron-ger



Win-ter from the world has gone Death shall be no lon-ger.

2 Rousing them from dreary hours
Under snow-drifts chilly,
In His hand He brings the flowers,
Brings the rose and lily.
Every little buried bud
Into life He raises;
Every wild flower of the wood
Chants the dear Lord's praises.—CHO.

3 Open, happy buds of spring,
For the sun has risen!
Through the sky sweet voices ring,
Calling you from prison.
Little children dear, look up!
Towards his brightness pressing,
Lift up every heart, a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing.—CHO.

St. Bees

John B. Dykes, 1862

1. Lord, as we Thy name pro - fess, May our hearts Thy love con - fess;

And in all our praise of Thee May our lips and lives a - gree. A-men.

2 Make us resolute to do
What Thou showest to be true;
Make us hate and shun the ill,
Loyal to Thy holy will.

3 May Thy yoke be meekly worn,
May Thy cross be bravely borne;
Make us patient, gentle, kind,
Pure in life and heart and mind.

Edwin P. Parker, 1889

St. Crispin

George J. Elvey, 1862

1. Strong Son of God, im - mor - tal Love, Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,

By faith, and faith a - lone, em-brace, Believing where we can-not prove; A-men.

2 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

3 Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;

They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

4 Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

Alfred Tennyson, 1850

1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from earth; through

all its pul - ses move; Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y as Thou art,

And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A - men.


- 2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies,
 No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
 No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
 But take the dimness of my soul away.
- 3 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
 Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
 To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
 Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
- 4 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
 One holy passion filling all my frame,—
 The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
 My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

George Croly, 1854

1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;

Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night;

God, That Madest Earth and Heaven—Concluded



May Thine an - gel-guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us;



Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night. A - men.

- 2 When the constant sun returning
 Unseals our eyes,
 May we, born anew like morning,
 To labor rise;
 Gird us for the task that calls us,
 Let not ease and self enthrall us,
 Strong through Thee whate'er befall us,
 O God most wise!

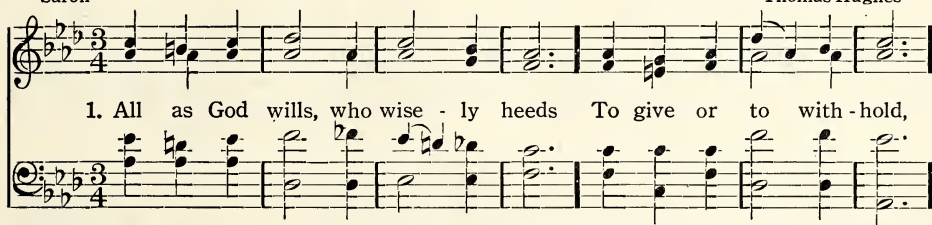
Reginal Heber, 1827 (1st stanza)
 Frederick L. Hosmer, 1912

127

All As God Wills

Saron

Thomas Hughes



1. All as God wills, who wise - ly heeds To give or to with - hold,



And knoweth more of all my needs Than all my prayers have told! A - men.

- 2 Enough that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track;
 That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
 His chastening turned me back;

- 3 That more and more a providence
 Of love is understood,


- Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good;

- 4 And so the shadows fall apart,
 And so the west winds play;
 And all the windows of my heart
 I open to the day.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1856

In Heavenly Love Abiding

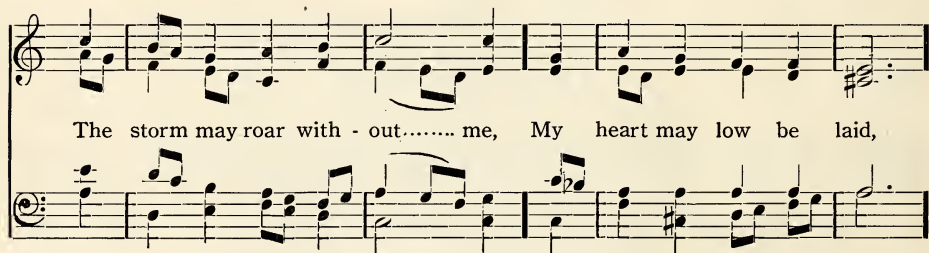
Passion Chorale

Melody by Hans L. Hassler, c. 1601
Harmonized by John Sebastian Bach, 1719


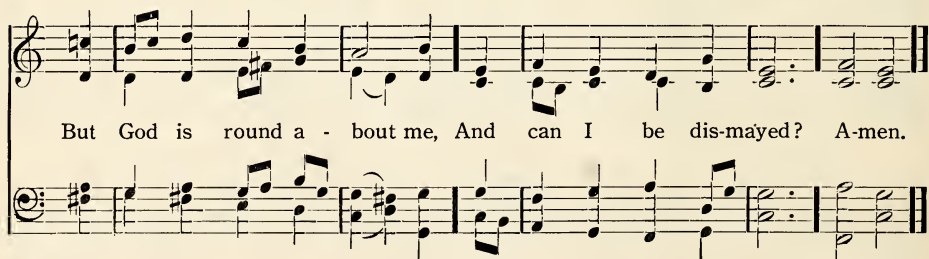
1. In heav - ly love a - bid - ing No change my heart shall fear;



And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang-es here.



The storm may roar with - out..... me, My heart may low be laid,



But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? A-men.

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim.
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Salve Domine

Lawrence W. Watson, 1909

1. Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flush - ing the east - ern skies;

Nev - er shall dark - ness veil Thee A - gain from hu - man eyes;

Too long, a - las, with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore;

Thy light, so glad and gold - en, Shall set on earth no more. A - men.

Music copyright by G. Russell Watson

2 Light of the world, Thy beauty
 Steals into every heart,
 And glorifies with duty
 Life's poorest, humblest part;
 Thou robest in Thy splendor
 The simplest ways of men,
 And helpst them to render
 Light back to Thee again.

3 Light of the world, illumine
 This darkened earth of Thine,
 Till everything that's human
 Be filled with what's divine;
 Till every tongue and nation,
 From sin's dominion free,
 Rise in the new creation
 Which springs from love and Thee.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

Crusader's Hymn

Arranged by Richard S. Willis, 1850

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture, O Thou of

God and man the Son; Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I

hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown. A - men.

2 Fair are the meadows,
 Fairer still the woodlands,
 Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
 Jesus is fairer,
 Jesus is purer,
 Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
 Fairer still the moonlight,
 And all the twinkling, starry host;
 Jesus shines brighter,
 Jesus shines purer
 Than all the angels heaven can boast.

17th Century German Hymn. Translated c. 1850

St. Agnes

John B. Dykes, 1866

1. 'Mid all the traf - fic of the ways, Tur - moils with - out, with - in,

'Mid All the Traffic of the Ways—Concluded

Make in my heart a qui - et place, And come and dwell with-in: A - men.

2 A little shrine of quietness,
All sacred to Thyself,
Where Thou shalt all my soul possess,
And I may find myself:

3 A little shelter from life's stress,
Where I may lay me prone,

And bare my soul in loneliness,
And know as I am known:

4 A little place of mystic grace,
Of self and sin swept bare,
Where I may look upon Thy face,
And talk with Thee in prayer.

John Oxenham, 1917

132

Father In Heaven

Largo from the Opera "Xerxes"
Very slowly.

George Friedrich Handel

Fa - - - - - ther in

Father In Heaven—Continued

heav'n, Thy chil - dren hear, As they a - dor - ing bow,

O Thou Al - mighty - y One, Hear Thou, our pray'r; Strength-en our

faith; With hope in - spire our hearts, Flam - ing our souls with love

Like un - to Thine. Then shall Thy works a-bound, Men shall pro -

Father In Heaven—Concluded

f

claim that God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly,

f

p

ho - ly is His name,..... And ho - ly is His name;

p

ff

God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.

ff

God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.

Thomas Williams

ff

8

Sarratt

G. C. E. Ryley, 1904

1. Come, Mas-ter Workman, work with us, And till the soil or grind the grain.

Be part-ners in the bus-y mart, That tax-es strength and wearies brain. A-men.

2 Leave bells of praise for bells of toil,
And altar bowls for pots of clay,
And censers sweet where spikenard burns,
For furnace, glowing as the day.

3 Aloft, 'mid pinnacles of steel,
We dare to stand and build with Thee;
And when in timbered darkness deep,
We dig and delve, our Comrade be.

4 At home, at school, in church, in court,
On thronging street, in cell alone,
On mountain top, or ocean wild,
Dear Master, make our tasks Thine own.

5 "My Father worketh and I work,"
Oh Christ, whom men and angels laud,
Come share with us the toil and sweat,
Thou Son of toil, Thou Son of God.

Joseph Beaumont Hingley

Rachel

E. M. Wren, 1890

1. O Son of Man, Thou mad-est known, Thro' qui-et work in shop and home.

The sa-credness of common things, The chance of life that each day brings. A-men.

2 O Workman true, may we fulfill
In daily life Thy Father's will;
In duty's call, Thy call we hear
To fuller life, through work sincere.

3 Thou Master Workman, grant us grace
The challenge of our tasks to face;

By loyal scorn of second best,
By effort true, to meet each test.

4 And thus we pray in deed and word,
Thy kingdom come on earth, O Lord;
In work that gives effect to prayer
Thy purpose for Thy world we share.

Milton S. Littlefield, 1916

Hosmer

Frederick F. Bullard, 1902

1. From age to age they gath - er, all the brave of heart and strong,

In the strife of truth with er - ror, of the right a-against the

wrong; I can see their gleam-ing ban - ner, I can hear their

tri - umph song: The truth is march - ing on! A - men.

2 "In this sign we conquer"; 'tis the symbol of our faith,
 Made holy by the might of love triumphant over death;
 "He finds his life who loseth it," forevermore it saith:
 The right is marching on!

3 The earth is circling onward out of shadow into light;
 The stars keep watch above our way, however dark the night;
 For ev'ry martyr's stripe there glows a bar of morning bright;
 And love is marching on!

4 Lead on, O cross of martyr faith, with thee is victory;
 Shine forth, O stars and redd'ning dawn, the full day yet shall be,
 On earth His kingdom cometh, and with joy our eyes shall see,
 Our God is marching on!

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1891

Rosmore

Henry G. Trembath, 1893

1. Hail the he - ro work - ers Of the mighty past! They whose la - bor build - ed

All the things that last; Tho'ts of wis - est mean - ing, Deeds of no - blest right,

REFRAIN

Pa - tient toil in weak - ness, Struggles in the night; Hail, then, noble workers,

Builders of the past, All whose lives have blest us With the gains that last. A - men.

2 Hail ye, hero workers,
 Who to-day do hear
 Duty's myriad voices,
 Sounding high and clear;
 Ye who quick responding,
 Haste ye to your task,
 Be it grand or simple,
 Ye forgot to ask;
 Hail ye, noble workers,
 Builders of to-day,
 Who life's treasure gather,
 That shall last away.

3 Hail ye, hero workers,
 Ye who yet shall come,
 When to this world's calling
 All our lips are dumb.
 Ye shall build more nobly,
 If our work be true,
 As we pass life's treasure
 On from old to new.
 Hail ye, then, all workers,
 Of all lands and time,
 One brave band of heroes,
 With one task sublime.

Words copyright by Anna Garlin Spencer

Anna Garlin Spencer, 1851

(Alternate tune—St. Gertrude, No. 21)

Youth

T. Lynes, 1924

1 God of our youth, to whom we yield The trib - ute of our

ea - ger praise, Up - on the well con - test - ed field, And

REFRAIN

'mid the glo - ry of these days, God of our youth, be

with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get. A - men.

2 Sturdy of limb, with bounding health,
 Eager to play the hero's part,
 Grant to us each that greater wealth,
 An undefiled and loyal heart,
 God of our youth, be Thou our might,
 To do the right, to do the right.

3 When from the field of mimic strife,
 Of strength with strength, and speed with speed,
 We face the sterner fights of life,
 As then our strength in time of need,
 God of our youth, inspire us still,
 To do Thy will, to do Thy will.

William Byron Forbush, 1911, altered

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be

pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for there is

much to suf - fer; I would be brave, for there is much to

dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare. A - men.

2 I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
 I would be giving, and forget the gift;
 I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
 I would look up, and laugh, and love and lift,
 I would look up, and laugh, and love and lift.

Howard Arnold Walter, 1917

1. We bear the strain of earth - ly care, But bear it not a - lone;

We Bear the Strain of Earthly Care—Concluded

Be - side us walks our broth - er Christ And makes our task His own. A - men.

2 Through din of market, whirl of wheels,
And thrust of driving trade,
We follow where the Master leads,
Serene and unafraid.

The tasks He gives are those He gave
Beside the restless sea.

3 The common hopes that make us men
Were His in Galilee;

4 Our brotherhood still rests in Him,
The Brother of us all,
And o'er the centuries still we hear
The Master's winsome call.

Ozora Stearns Davis, 1909

140 O Brother Man, Fold to Thy Heart

Strength and Stay

Jonn B. Dykes, 1875

1. O broth - er man, fold to thy heart thy broth - er; Where pit - y

dwells, the peace of God is there; To wor - ship right - ly is to love each

oth - er, Each smile a hymn, each kind - ly deed a prayer. A - men.

2 Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good";
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

3 Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

John G. Whittier, 1848

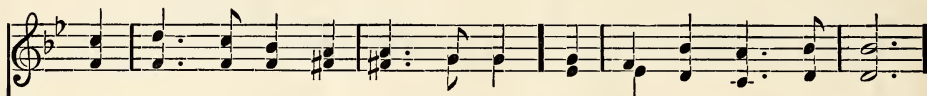
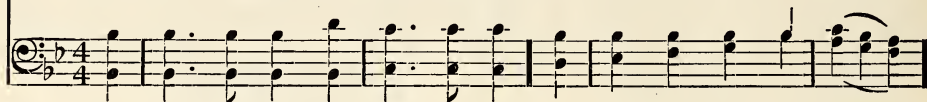
Make Large Our Hearts

All Saints

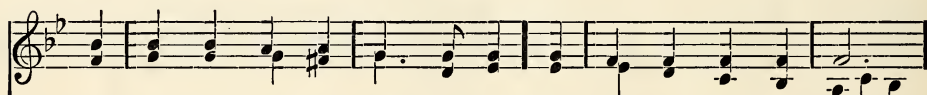
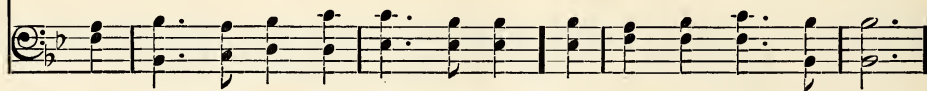
Henry S. Cutler, 1872



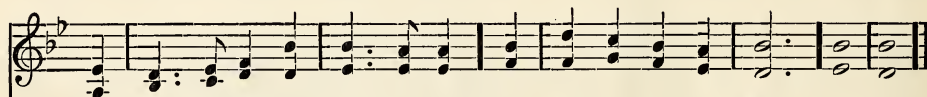
1. Make large our hearts with Thine own love And make our spir - its free,



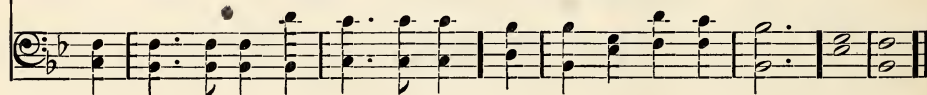
Our Fa - ther, that all bar - ri - ers May yield in u - ni - ty.



Strike out the roots of prej - u - dice That sev - er us a - part,



Im - plant Thy growing, gra - cious love In ev - 'ry hu - man heart. A - men.



2 Widen the reach our love can make
 Until it knows no bound,
 Until the peoples of the earth
 All in our love are found.
 That spirit that was His be ours
 Who walked in love's true way,
 Share we His task, His kingdom bring—
 The glorious new day.

1. The voice of God is call - ing Its sum-mons un - to men;

As once He spake in Zi - on, So now He speaks a - gain.

Whom shall I send to suc - cor My peo - ple in their need?

Whom shall I send to loos - en The bonds of shame and greed? A-men.

2 I hear my people crying
In cot and mine and slum;
No field or mart is silent,
No city street is dumb.

I see my people falling
In darkness and despair.
Whom shall I send to shatter
The fetters which they bear?

3 We heed, O Lord, Thy summons,
And answer: here are we!
Send us upon Thine errand,
Let us Thy servants be.

Our strength is dust and ashes,
Our years a passing hour;
But Thou canst use our weakness
To magnify Thy power.

4 From ease and plenty save us,
From pride of place absolve,
Purge us of low desire,
Lift us to high resolve.
Take us, and make us holy,
Teach us Thy will and way;
Speak, and, behold! we answer,
Command, and we obey!

St. Peter

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1836

1. In Christ there is no East or West, In Him no South or North;

But one great fel-low-ship of love Through-out the whole wide earth. A-men.

2 In Him shall true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find;
His service is the golden cord
Close-binding all mankind.

3 Join hands then, brothers of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be;

Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.

4 In Christ now meet both East and West,
In Him meet South and North;
All Christly souls are one in Him
Throughout the whole wide earth.

John Oxenham, 1908

Mendon

German Melody, arranged by Samuel Dyer, 1828

1. These things shall be—a loft-ier race Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise

With flame of free-dom in their souls, And light of knowledge in their eyes. A-men.

2 They shall be gentle, brave and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

3 Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;

In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

4 New arts shall bloom of loftier mold,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

John Addington Symonds, 1880

It Swells Upon the Noon-Day Breeze

Forest Green

English Traditional Melody
Arranged by R. Vaughan Williams, 1906

1. It swells up - on the noon-day breeze, It ris - es o'er the din,

The cho - rus that the peo - ple sing To wel - come Christmas in;

A song to match the an - gel chant That thrilled the an - cient sky,

"Let good-will reign through all the world," The sons of earth re - ply. A-men.

2 The carrier sings it on his way,
The trader from his mart,
The children as they haste along,
This anthem of the heart;
And mothers lull their babes to sleep,
While fathers catch the strain,
They all with blending voices cry,
"On earth let good-will reign."

3 Then listen to the gracious song,
That strives with war's harsh cry,
And join your voices to the choir
That lifts it to the sky.
For with their blending voices sweet,
Men's hearts as one shall thrill,
And human hands shall join in joy,
To work the Lord's good-will.

Peace

Rodman Wanamaker

1. Strife at last is end - ed, Stilled the din of war;.....

Wea-ried men are rest - ing, Pledged to fight no more..... A-men.

2 May this vow of friendship
Keep us all from ill—
“Peace on earth forever
And to men good-will.”

Copyright, 1926, by Rodman Wanamaker

Hope

Herbert S. Irons, 1834-1905

1. We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glittering sky, the sil - ver sea;

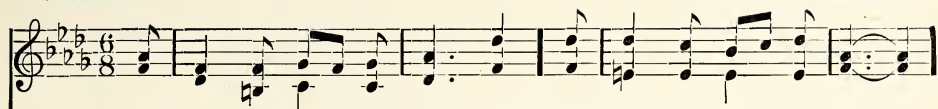
For all their beauty, all their worth, Their light and glo-ry, come from Thee. A-men.

- 2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground, Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
The trees that wave their arms above, One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou doest gird Thine own with love.
- 3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
- 4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

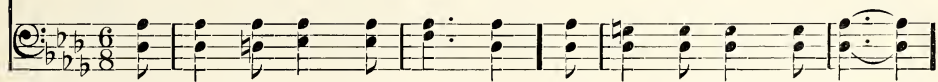
George E. L. Cotton, 1856

Sunshine

G. E. Oliver



1. The beau - ti - ful bright sun - shine, That smiles on all be - low,



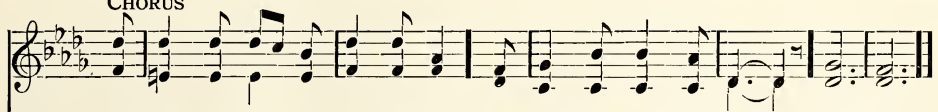
The wav - ing trees, the cool, soft breeze, The rippling streams that flow,



The shad - ows on the hill - sides, The man - y tint - ed flow'rs,



CHORUS



O God! how fair Thy lov - ing care Has made this earth of ours. A - men.



2 The beautiful affections

That gather round our way,
The joys that rise from household ties,
And deepen day by day;
The tender love that guards us
Whenever danger low'rs,
O God! how fair Thy loving care
Has made this earth of ours.

3 But brighter is the shining,

And tend'rer is the love,
And purer still the joys which fill
The unseen home above,—
The home where all His children
Shall sing with fuller pow'rs,
“O God! how fair Thy loving care
Has made this heav'n of ours.”

Anon.

Wentworth

Frederick C. Maker, 1876

1. My God, I thank Thee who hast made The earth so bright,

So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;

So man - y glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right. A-men.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

Adelaide Anne Procter, 1858, alt.

Shackelford

Frederick H. Cheeswright, 1880

1. All beau - ti - ful the march of days, As sea - sons come and go;

The hand that shaped the rose hath wrought The crys - tal of the snow;

All Beautiful the March of Days—Concluded

Hath sent the hoar - y frost of heaven, The flow - ing wa - ters sealed,
And laid a si - lent love - li - ness On hill and wood and field. A - men.

2 O'er white expanses sparkling pure
The radiant morns unfold;
The solemn splendors of the night
Burn brighter through the cold;
Life mounts in every throbbing vein,
Love deepens round the hearth,
And clearer sounds the angel hymn,
"Good-will to men on earth!"

3 O Thou from whose unfathomed law
The year in beauty flows,
Thyself the vision passing by
In crystal and in rose,
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night proclaim,
In ever changing words of light,
The wonder of Thy name!

Frances W. Wile, 1912

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Eternal Source of Every Joy

Germany

Ludwig Von Beethoven, 1770-1827

1. E - ter - nal Source of ev - ery joy, Well may Thy praise our lips em - ploy,
While in thy tem - ple we ap - pear, Whose good - ness crowns the cir - cing year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751

Chenies

Timothy R. Matthews, 1855

1. The heavens de - clare Thy glo - ry, The firm - a - ment Thy power;

Day un - to day the sto - ry Re - peats from hour to hour;

Night un - to night re - ply - ing, Pro - claims in ev - ery land,

O Lord, with voice un - dy - ing, The won - ders of Thy hand. A - men.

2 The sun with royal splendor
 Goes forth to chant Thy praise;
 And moon-beams soft and tender
 Their gentler anthem raise;
 O'er every tribe and nation
 That music strange is poured,
 The song of all creation
 To Thee, creation's Lord.

3 All heaven on high rejoices
 To do its Maker's will;
 The stars with solemn voices
 Resound Thy praises still;
 So let my whole behavior,
 Tho'ts, words and actions be,
 O Lord, my strength, my stronghold,
 One ceaseless song to Thee.

Thomas R. Birks, 1874, verse 3, line 7, alt.

This is My Father's World

Terra Beata

Traditional English Melody
Arranged by Franklin L. Shepherd, 1915

1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my lis-tening ears,

All na-ture sings, and round me rings The mu-sic of the spheres.

This is my Fa-ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of

rocks and trees, of skies and seas—His hand the won-ders wrought. A-men.

2 This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world,
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

3 This is my Father's world,
O let me ne'er forget
That tho' the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the Ruler yet.
This is my Father's world,
Why should my heart be sad?
The Lord is King—let the heavens ring:
God reigns: let the earth be glad.

Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901, verse 3, lines 6, 7, 8, alt.

1. Lord of the Har-vest, hear our praise For the fields of rip-en-ed grain.

Un-to Thee our thanks we raise For the sun-shine and the rain.

All the year Thy hand hath blest; Rich a-bund-ance Thou hath given.

Thank Thee for the toil and rest—Sweet, re-fresh-ing, sent from Heav'n.

REFRAIN

Praise, praise, praise to the Lord of the Harvest be. Praise, praise, praise for the

Lord of the Harvest—Concluded

bless-ings He giv - eth me. God is love; this the theme of the song we
 raise— He is love. It is with His ten - der love That He crowns our days.

2 Lord of the Harvest, hear our song
 Of thanksgiving for Thy care.
 Unto Thee our praise belong,
 Love is shining everywhere.

Summer's heat and winter's hail,
 Seed-time or the harvest fair,
 Day or night, shall never fail—
 All proclaim Thy thoughtful care.

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Away In a Manger

Luther

Martin Luther

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
 Je - sus Lay down His sweet head. The stars in the heav - ens Looked
 down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.

2 The cattle are lowing;
 The Baby awakes;
 But little Lord Jesus,
 No crying He makes.

I Love Thee, Lord Jesus;
 Look down from the sky,
 And stay by my cradle
 Till morning is nigh.

O Come, All Ye Faithful

Adeste Fideles

J. F. Wade's Cantus Diversi, 1751

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant,

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/2 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Come and be - hold Him, born the King of an - gels:

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

After each verse
O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,

The fourth system of music begins with the instruction "After each verse". It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord. A - men.

The fifth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

O Come, All Ye Faithful—Concluded

2 Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
Glory to God in the highest:

3 Yea, Lord we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing:

Anon, (18th cent.) Trans. by Rev. Frederick Oakley, 1841, alt.

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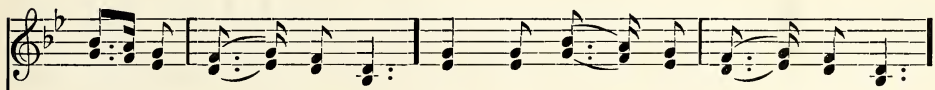
Silent Night, Holy Night

Stille Nacht

Franz Gruber, 1818



1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright Round yon



Vir - gin Moth - er and Child, Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,



Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace. A - men.



2 Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born.

3 Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light,
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Joseph Mohr

1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are:

Travel-ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo-ry beam-ing star!

Watch-man, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?

Travel-ler, yes, it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends;
 Traveller, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveller, ages are its own;
 See it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn:
 Traveller, darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come!

National Hymn

George W. Warren, 1892

1. God of our fa - thers, whose al - might - y

hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band

Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,

Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise. A - men.

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

Daniel C. Roberts, 1876

1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love;

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love.

3 Love Him, love Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love;
Love Him, love Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love.

4 Thank Him, thank Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love;
Thank Him, thank Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love.

5 Serve Him, serve Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love;
Serve Him, Serve Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love.

C. Austin Miles

Help us to think, O Lord, Thoughts that are right and true;

Help us to do, O Lord, Just what we ought to do. A - men.

Mabel E. Locker



